VOL. CCXX, No. 2868
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JANUARY 29, 1955

The SPHERE

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A Hamper of Guinness

AND AN UMBRELLA

"THE chattels of Mrs. Bloss were forwarded by instalments. First there came a large hamper of Guinness's stout and an umbrella; then . . ." etc.

(Later)

"The chop-eater was so fatigued with the process of removal that she declined leaving her room until the following morning; so a mutton chop, pickle, a two-grain calomel pill, a pint bottle of stout, and other medicines, were carried upstairs for her consumption."

(Later)

"'Married!' said Mrs. Bloss, taking the pill and a draught of Guinness—'married! Unpossible!'"

Charles Dickens, "*Sketches by Boz*"

THE 'PINT BOTTLE OF STOUT' might have been a stoneware bottle, perhaps like the one illustrated above. This is known to have been made before 1850, since the maker's name stamped on it—Stephen Green, Lambeth—was not used after that date.

When the "Sketches" began to appear in "The Old Monthly Magazine", Guinness was already a national institution. Next year, 1837, a Guinness show-card was to feature in one of the illustrations that 'Phiz' (Hablot K. Browne) did for Pickwick. Guinness is brewed today, as it was then, exclusively from barley, hops and yeast. Nor have its quality and goodness changed.

A copy of this page may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. (Park Royal) Ltd., Advertising Dept., London, N.W.10

G.E.2438

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'BLACK & WHITE'

SCOTCH WHISKY

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INDIA

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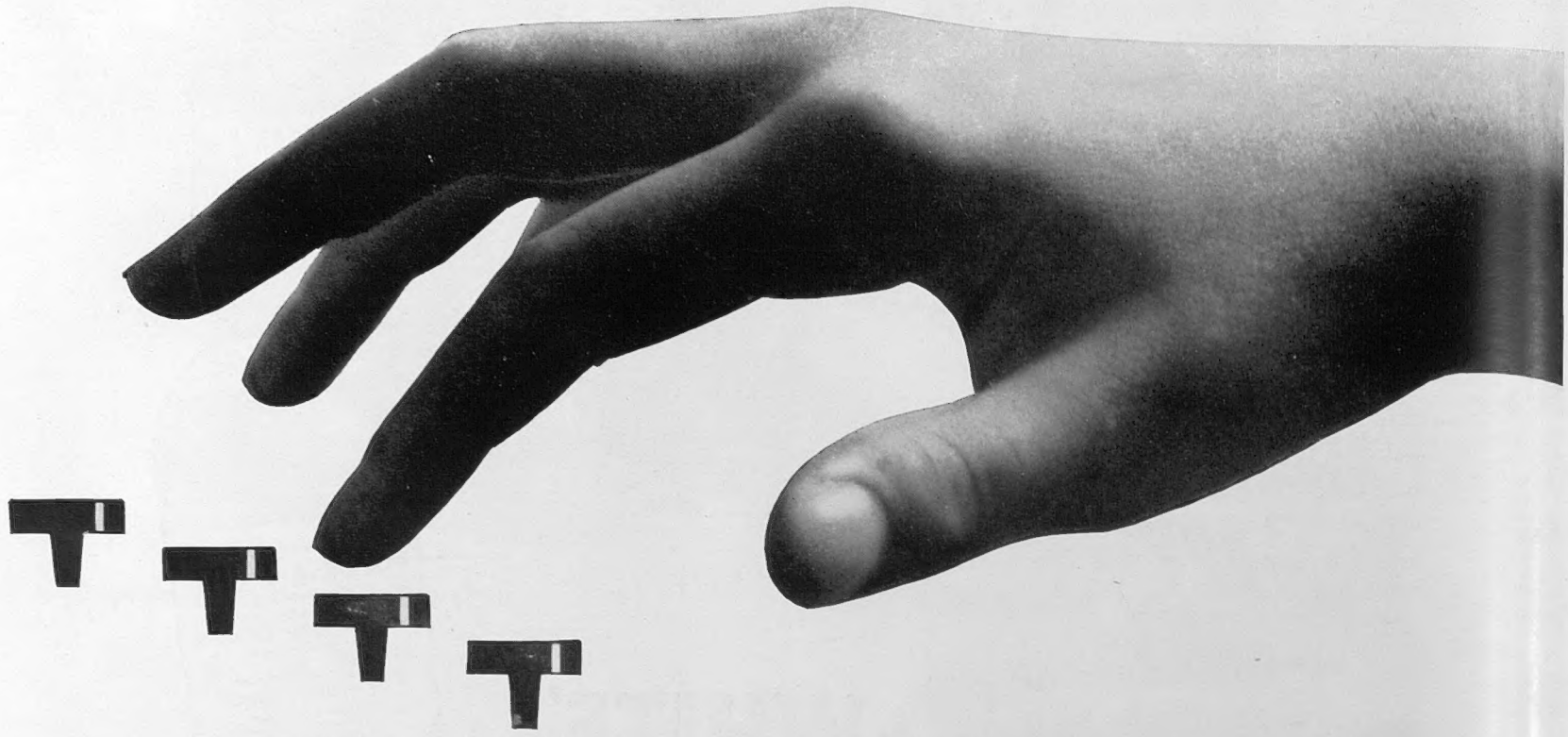

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Volume CCXX No. 2868

The SPHERE, London, January 29, 1955

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE GREAT TRAIN DISASTER—THE WRECKAGE OF THE YORK-BRISTOL EXPRESS AFTER THE CRASH LAST WEEK-END AT SUTTON COLDFIELD IN WHICH AT LEAST SEVENTEEN PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES: Heavy cranes bite into the mangled pieces of wreckage at Sutton Coldfield Station on the day after the crash. It was said that when the express left the rails it travelled at over 50 m.p.h. and five coaches were telescoped. All through the night rescue workers searched for the victims.

At least seventeen people lost their lives, and nearly fifty were injured last Sunday when the 12.15 p.m. express from York to Bristol left the rails while passing through the station at Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham. The engine and tender and five coaches were badly telescoped and fell on their sides on the line. The remaining five coaches were severely jolted and damaged. The express had been diverted through Sutton Coldfield from its normal main-line route because of repair work, and for that reason the engine-driver was assisted by a "pilot." Both were among the victims, for whose bodies search was made throughout the ensuing night, salvage men working with an oxy-acetylene cutter to get through the wreckage. A much more terrible disaster was averted only by the prompt action of a railway fireman and ticket inspector who were travelling on the train. They broke out of their carriage and forced their way into an empty signal box, where they set all signals at danger and informed control. The train from Birmingham to York, which was due a few minutes later, stopped 200 yards from the station. (Further pictures of the crash appear on page 174.)

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THREE OF LONDON'S ART EXHIBITIONS

SIR GERALD KELLY OPENS THE YOUNG CONTEMPORARIES ART EXHIBITION : The Past President of the Royal Academy is seen in discussion with exhibitors after the opening of the seventh annual exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall. The exhibition is organised by students, who are elected by representatives from various art schools and colleges, in order to present the work of young and hitherto unknown artists from all parts of the country. Sir Gerald told the young artists that painting was " great fun, and frightfully difficult " ; and that " No criticism has ever helped any working artist. It is uttered by a rather low form of animal life."

THE EXHIBITION OF CANADIAN PAINTINGS IN PICCADILLY : Mr. James S. P. Armstrong, Agent-General for Ontario (right), and Mr. Frederick Mudd, are seen looking at a painting by Robert Pilot entitled " Twilight—Dufferin Terrace," which forms part of the exhibition of Canadian Paintings at the Piccadilly store of Fortnum and Mason, Ltd. The exhibition, which goes on until Friday, February 4, is sponsored by the Government of Ontario. This particular painting by Pilot was presented to Sir Winston Churchill on his eightieth birthday by the Canadian Clubs of Canada.

ART FROM CLASS-ROOMS OF THE EAST : Sir David Eccles, the Minister of Education, opens an exhibition of paintings and crafts from boys' and girls' schools of India, Pakistan and Ceylon. He is seen with Mrs. Pandit, the High Commissioner for India, looking at one of the Indian paintings at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. The exhibition, which is organised by the Royal India, Pakistan and Ceylon Society, will continue until Thursday, February 10. It covers a very wide range, pictures having been chosen from 1,200 entries by boys and girls from three years old upwards—of many races and creeds—Christian, Hindu, Muslim and Buddhist.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO " THE SPHERE "

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A London Newslette

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Russia is Always Wrong?—While " spokesmen " from the Western Foreign Offices were thinking out good reasons for discouraging us from any optimism over Russia's offer to share with the U.N. Atomic Committee the secrets and experience of her atomic power plant which, she says, went into operation last July, for peaceful industrial uses, our Foreign Office spokesman was answering Moscow's Note concerning the manufacture and use of poison gases included in the Paris agreements. No one who has not spelt through every sentence of those treaties with a magnifying-glass would be so foolish as to pontificate about its implications and possible points of misunderstanding. But, while it does not surprise me that our spokesman assured the world and Russia that we abide by the terms of the 1925 Convention, it is surprising if any words in the treaties can possibly suggest, even to Russia, that Germany might manufacture poison gases or that their use in any circumstance of war would be allowed by the West. If clumsy drafting has given a scintilla of misunderstanding on the point, I hope we shall quickly receive an explanation from the highest authority. Until that comes, we may be inclined to add one more reason to account for France's delays and distaste for ratification. As its latest bait to Western Germany shows, the Kremlin can be childish and clumsy in diplomacy ; but it could hardly invent a paragraph " allowing for the manufacture of poison gases," if nothing of the sort is in the treaties, even in the vaguest conditional terms. If, on the other hand, there is cause for a wild surmise about poison gas, then indeed the Western nations and peoples sign on the dotted line blindfold in matters that concern the life and death of themselves and their children. I hope Sir Anthony, who on January 17 broadcast in generalities and optimism his present view of our foreign relations, will lose no time in assuring us of the foolproof drafting of the treaties which won him so much glory. Until he does so, we may wonder if Russia *is* always wrong.

May or October? This Year, Next Year?—Once more General Election rumours are on foot and Government " spokesmen," Junior Ministers, and so on, give out hints and Delphic oracles. I sometimes wonder whether they are put up to do so or merely cannot resist the urge to say something interesting, if possible. Soon enough there must be a General Election, and no doubt the Government will choose as favourable a moment as possible. If food prices *are* beginning to fall, no doubt it will want the good news to percolate to housewives. If industrial relations enjoy a truce, a General Election before the truce ends is desirable. The Government's mandate is not yet implemented. The balancing-feat is not yet completed. For that matter the promised House of Lords reform has received no attention. There are some loose ends still to tuck up in the Paris agreements and the Foreign Secretary has a complicated agenda for his Eastern tour, and the Commonwealth Ministers may add a complication to the General Election decision. Then, again, there is general agreement that the man who hopes to be the next Tory Premier should have a few months in office before a General Election. If that man is Sir Winston, that consideration carries no weight. If it be Sir Anthony, it might bear on the date of the Election. But Sir Winston lies low and Sir Anthony will be off on his travels. A May Election may be premature. An October Election is more likely. But I confidently prophesy a General Election five years from the coming into power of the fourth Parliament of King George VI (October 1951).

A Day Will Come . . .—" Was there ever . . . ? " as Creevey used to say. Was there ever a week so Stygian dark, so slushy, so cold, so frustrating as mid-January's blizzard week, with its snows and floods, with its frosts and half-thaws, its hopes and despairs, its miseries and losses ? Of course there was. We have such experiences almost every year and we forget them ; even before the atom was split, we enjoyed them ; even before Adam. But the latest is always the worst and every year's dismal examples of bad weather are nowadays " all-time " records. And with some colour . . . for at any rate floods seem to be getting bigger and better in the wet areas of the west and north-west. Of course, the B.B.C. helps to publicise the horrors. The snow-bound trains, Drumochter enjoying 5 degrees below zero, 10-ft. drifts and inland seas. We are always pleasantly surprised when our friends from the north or west reach Euston or Paddington on time and report a smooth journey and wonder what all the fuss was about. Yet we feel it an achievement wh overcome the dangers of the Portsmouth road A.A. reports ninety-two main roads impassable reach home from London only ten minutes late usual. *Omne pro magnifico*—on the buzz-box weather bulletin is turning us into a race of h All the same, it was bad enough and dreary belief. But (and this was the point of my hea we are getting on with winter and a day will (perhaps in February) when, by heaven ! the bo will be with me in the room.

P. & O.—Some months ago I overhear neighbours discussing the affairs of the P. & O. pany, and they spoke of its hidden resources a rich break-up value, and declared that the de shareholders were not getting their fair share profits, having shouldered the main risks ; and some modern method of dividing up some part cake for their benefit was an overdue act of and wisdom. I know nothing of the City and change any of my small investments volun But, when a short time afterwards, a small ment was paid off, I put the cash into P. & O. de without the active disapproval of my bank, immediately (this is a rare good-luck story) th of the shares rose and now stand at double the of purchase. My instinct always directs me t a profit, for profits seldom come to me. And the other day I received a letter from the cha I hoped it would guide me with light. But u nately no light came. I gathered that a self-app Stockholders' Association had had interviews w Board and had put forward proposals whic Board considered and rejected. But what thos posals were neither the Board nor " my " holders' protection Association have revealed as yet. The Board begs me not to give a " to " my " Association for the purpose of votin proposals at the next general meeting, but t matters to time and to the good offices of Board. What shall I (an owner of the P. & O I never like to sign blindfold. To sign or not t This seems to be a case of following blindfold way. Oddly enough, and meanwhile, this s darkness seems to encourage optimism in P deferred. They continue to soar.

TWENTY-SIX FOXES SHOT IN TWO DAYS

SOUTH DEVON FARMERS BAND TOGETHER TO RID THEIR FARMS OF THIS M The number of foxes in the woods in the Bere Alston area (near Ta of South Devon has increased so rapidly recently that they were be a menace to the farmers in the district, raiding their farms and the chickens. So the farmers banded together for fox shoots an bag for a two-day shoot was twenty-six. This is believed to largest number of foxes ever shot in two days in the West C

Lansdowne Portraits.—It is many since I saw the Lansdowne pictures in their ho tings and I was glad to see them again. If have got away with one of them under my should certainly have chosen Romney's " Lord Petty " (third Marquis), Creevey's friend and times bugbear. For sheer delight, joy and ch can think of few pictures of children to ma No doubt there are pictures in Agnew's r greater worth and value. The state of Bro " Gonzaga," painted in the first half of the si century, is immortality in more senses than on remembered is Mabuse's banker. Prices of p at various times are always amusing. Re " Louisa, Lady Lansdowne," was done for 50 g and other greater masterpieces were picked commissioned even more cheaply. Lord Ilches other day indicated the cause of the forced the first Marquis's collection by the second M The extravagance of Lord Wycombe (as he was he succeeded as second Marquis) and his lack of i in art were the reasons for the dispersal. Romney's enchanting boy, the third M (Wycombe's half-brother), who remade the treasures by his inherited flair and taste, and

ourth Marquis married Madame de Flahaut's
ter, many of the Thrale pictures joined the
tion. I had hoped to see at Agnew's a picture
scientist-ancestor of the family, William Petty,
versatile genius. I once possessed, through my
mother, Lady Kerry, a Kneller-like and ugly
e of him which I presented to his own town,
ey; and I hoped to compare it with another
ple at Agnew's. There was at Lansdowne House
sterman picture of Petty at one time.

he Queen's Watch.—It made me unhappy
nk of the Queen's tiny and lovely watch lying
a foot of snow, no longer ticking. It lies under
white and beastly mantle as some less valuable
es of mine lie under snow further south—to wit,
athed saw and a fur glove, both of which are
to me. These items, if ever found, will suffer
from their outing, but the Queen's watch worst.
ived near Sandringham my day would be spent
g about in the snow for the lucky find which
win me the M.V.O. (fifth class) or, better still,
rming smile and a gracious word of thanks.
perhaps the area is cordoned-off, or surely a
and eyes would leap from their sockets in the
where "time stands still" until every square foot
soil had been passed through a sieve. Myself,
e reached the age when the poltergeist finds me
sy prey, an age when a man must tie every object
es with string to his person. I search for the
acles which are on my bald head, and my dropped
s and tools lie over my acres like leaves in Vallom-
. I don't plough through the snow to look for
I acquire replacements. But the Queen's
is another matter—*autre chose*.

ady Golfers and the Red Cross.—
years—decades—of patient slogging, fame came
with a humorous paragraph on the Dior dress
at Blenheim last autumn. I won't say I got
leserts at long last, but I got an honourable
ion in the British Red Cross *News-sheet*, with a
st to try to earn more honour in publicising
er effort of the British Red Cross to raise money
s noble causes. It is again making use of the
en of Britain, this time the sporting and outdoor
hood—the lady golfers. The ladies' sections of
sh golf clubs are being invited to arrange eclectic
etitions in February, March and April in aid of
C.S. funds. Competitors may take out any
er of cards and any holes may be chosen, but not
than nine. Half the current handicap will be
cted from the gross eclectic score. Entry fee, 2s.
card, 6d. A silver ash-tray suitably inscribed
to the winner in each club. I no longer play golf,
eclectic competitions are as incomprehensible to
s are electric circuits. But the competitors will
the gen. Mrs. and Miss Bogey have only to
to their club secretary for details; in any part
e United Kingdom, their own branches of the
ty will benefit by their enthusiasm.

ublic School Fees.—If some share values
so do public school fees. I have for some years
free of the duty of paying them. Those parents
on the job must need the extra dividends, for
c school fees for ever rise. Even in my day as
yer, there was little change left out of £400 a
to educate a boy at Eton. We know why the
rise. Even now an inspired teacher of future
iers and leaders in industry, science and the arts
be attracted to his vital job by sheer vocational
ticism, since many garage-hands and engine-drivers
arn as much as he. And, though I have sometimes
critical of the public school's success in educating
ctly) the average, as opposed to the star, boy, I
acknowledge from my own experience the unspeak-
value of that rarity, an inspired teacher, a man
can make even an idle, even a slow-witted boy
lop interest and a dermination to learn. Yet,
his subject, I subscribe myself as "Puzzled." The
grammar school in my country town still offers
ation which the parents of our village boys are
and are too willing to pay for, and the list of
uccesses in scholarships to Universities is remark-
indeed. Why is this? I see no signs that our
ge boys are more serious-minded or innately more
ligent than the type that go to Eton and such-
Is the explanation that the great public schools
te a larger part of the term to the wider education
itizenship of the civilised world than to the book
wledge which wins scholarships? Do they spend
much time on proficiency in games and dabbling
he arts? Does the system of boarding remove the
e influence which may (perhaps) keep a day-boy
to the mark in industry?

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE TELEPHONE UNDER THE ATLANTIC

O. WOODWARD describes the First Transatlantic
phone Cable on which Work has Now Begun:
strated with "Sphere" Drawings and Diagrams.

ALSO

RURAL LONDON

tographs by W. G. Davis of Unexpected Views
hin a Few Miles of Trafalgar Square; and an
Article by BARBARA JONES.

A BEDSIDE PARTY FOR SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE'S SEVENTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY

A DISTINGUISHED AUTHOR, WHO WAS BORN ON JANUARY 17, 1883, IS GREETED BY HIS GUESTS AT HIS HOME IN EDINBURGH: Sir Compton Mackenzie sits up in his ornate Italian bed while his guests drink a toast. At the time of his seventy-second birthday the author was suffering from sciatica. Sir Compton, who was awarded the O.B.E. in 1919, was knighted in 1952. Among his many appointments have been Rector of Glasgow University (1931-34) and President of the Dickens Fellowship (1939-46). The latest of his many novels about Scotland, *Ben Nevis Goes East*, was published by Chatto and Windus, at the end of September.

"MOUNTAIN WARFARE" FOR NATIONAL SERVICEMEN

EXERCISES IN THE ROUGH AND HILLY COUNTRYSIDE OF THE PIRBRIGHT AREA OF SURREY: Young National Servicemen of the Horse Transport Company, R.A.S.C., from Aldershot Barracks, take part in a Horse Transport Exercise. The conditions of the course are as near as possible to those which the men would encounter during mountain warfare. On this particular exercise the conditions were made all the more difficult by the prevailing frosty weather.

On left—

DESCENDING A "RAVINE": The officer in charge of the exercise, Captain Deane, of the 1st Battalion, R.A.S.C., watches as some young National Servicemen descend a "ravine" with their loaded pack-horses. The exercises form part of the men's two-years training in the Army.

THE YORK-BRISTOL EXPRESS LIES SHATTERED AFTER JUMPING THE RAILS AT MORE THAN FIFTY MILES AN HOUR: Three of the rear coaches can be seen leaning against the platform of Sutton Coldfield Station, one of them also being supported by the station roof. On the platform lie carriages, smashed almost beyond recognition, and the engine and tender. The train had emerged from a tunnel at one end of the station and was said to be moving at nearly 60 m.p.h. round a left-hand curve when it left the rails. Of the injured, twenty-six were detained in hospital.

THE GREAT TRAIN DISASTER

The Crash at Sutton Coldfield, in which at Least Seventeen People Lost their Lives

On right—

THE GREAT ENGINE ON THE PLATFORM AT SUTTON COLDFIELD AFTER CRANES HAD PULLED IT CLEAR OF THE MAIN LINE: The appalling force of the destruction to engine and coaches can be seen in this picture. The engine on the platform at left is a twisted mass of metal, without wheels. Beyond it is one of the wrecked carriages, the sides torn away by the impact of the crash.

CURIOSITY AND ANXIETY—A SATURDAY AFTERNOON CROWD WATCHES THE STEADY RISE OF THE SEINE IN PARIS: All along the Quai d'Orsay, home of the French Foreign Ministry, Parisians can be seen leaning over the parapet to watch the rise of the muddy waters of the river. In the background stands the Gare d'Orsay. Not since 1924 has Paris been threatened with floods such as those of the past fortnight. Large areas of the basin of the Seine were under water, and many thousands of people had to be evacuated in the departments of the Seine, Seine-et-Oise, and Seine-et-Marne. In the suburbs of Paris many thousands of people had to be moved, and over 200 factories were closed, throwing at least 80,000 people out of work. In areas where the Seine threatened to burst its banks, volunteers laboured all night to build emergency defences. Not everywhere did their efforts come in time. Pumps were at work in such well-known buildings as Notre Dame, the National Assembly, the Foreign Ministry, and the Institut Français, where water was seeping through the basements and cellars. Meanwhile, Parisians turned out in force along the quays watching the swelling waters of their river mount steadily. No one made light of the dangers which threatened and the damage that had already been done. But the day that the Seine could be seen from the Place de la Concorde and river craft seemed to ride above the street traffic was one which nobody who witnessed these sights would forget.

PARIS THREATENED BY FLOODS

The Citizens Watch the Rise of the River Seine in the City while Some of the Suburbs are Already Under Water as a Result of the Worst Floods for Thirty Years

THE RISE OF THE RIVER IS MEASURED BY THE STATUE OF THE ZOUAVE: One of the biggest crowds in Paris congregated round the Pont de l'Alma where there are four larger-than-life stone figures of soldiers who took part in the Crimean War. They represent a zouave (seen nearest the quay), a grenadier, an artilleryman and a chasseur. The zouave, always the most popular of the figures, has often been used by Parisians to measure the extent of the flooding of the River Seine. It is said that when his feet are under water, floods may be expected. As can be seen, the waters, before they had reached their maximum height, had already come up to his waist. But it was recalled that in the floods of 1910 the water had come up to the zouave's handsome beard.

IN THE VERY NORTH OF SCOTLAND THE JANUARY SNOW IMMOBILISES A TOWN: The long shadows cast by the setting sun emphasise the almost unbroken whiteness of the snow which covers the town of Thurso, one of the most northerly towns in Scotland. There is barely a sign of life in Thurso; the birds hovering over the estuary are the most animated part of this scene.

WHERE THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "GLORY" WAS BASED DURING THE COMBINED OPERATIONS WHICH SUPPLIED THE ISOLATED COMMUNITIES: Loch Erriboll, in the north of Sutherlandshire, where H.M.S. *Glory* set up base to help in the relief work. On the far side of the loch is the village of Laid, which earlier had had to have supplies dropped to it from the air.

THE PLIGH OF THE NOR OF SCOTLAN

Towns, Villages and Lonely Cr Await Help from "Operat Snowdrop" while they are Isola by Overwhelming Drifts of Sn

The Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force co to great purpose last week in "Op Snowdrop" which relieved the isolated and bound communities in the North of Sc Continuous falls of snow had cut off some people in villages and crofts in Caithness, S land, and Orkney and Shetland. Roads impassable, electric supplies had failed, and places there was even no water. With m efficiency, aircraft of the Navy and Air For sorties throughout the daylight hours, b bread, flour and potatoes, kerosene and cat to the hard-pressed communities. Equally imp was the aid that was brought to the sick. D were ferried to outlying homes, and men and who were seriously ill were taken by helicop the nearest hospital. The role of the hel during these operations was perhaps the spectacular. Using the aircraft-carrier Glor depot ship, these Naval helicopters ferried su and people to and from the cut-off villages long. The *Glory* had sailed north from Gl specially laden with food and other supplies. airport was used as an intermediary halt f helicopters and as a control centre. No s for help went unheeded. Where the distance village was beyond the capacity of the helic R.A.F. Ansons, Oxfords and Varsities joined sorties, dropping supplies by parachute. The of the people marooned by the weather wa enough, but it would have been disastrous i not been for the timely aid of these helicopter aircraft. It was an outstanding achievem Services' co-operation to help the civilian, fine tribute to the efficacy of the helic whose great utility is now generally recog

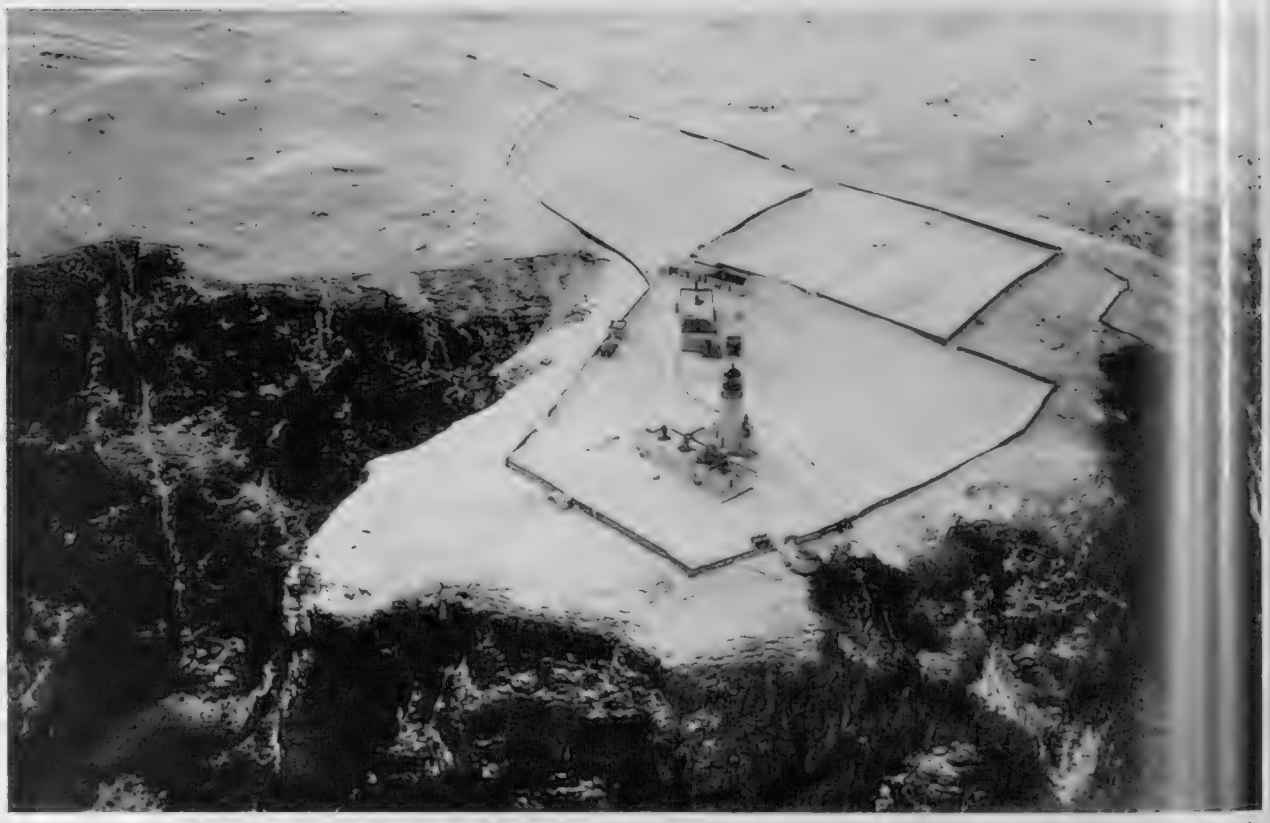
THE ISOLATED COMMUNITIES IN THE ORKNEY ISLANDS TO WHICH RELIEF CAME IN OPERATION "SNOWDROP": The snow-covered countryside just to the north of South Ronaldsay, in the Orkney Islands. The crofts and villages here are lonely enough under normal conditions. This last fortnight, with snowdrifts up to 20 ft. deep, many of the communities were completely cut off. The picture *at left* illustrates the isolation in which many of the farms found themselves. This is a snowbound farm on the coast of South Ronaldsay. A Shackleton aircraft of R.A.F. Coastal Command, on a flight to Loch Erriboll, was ordered to investigate a distress message from South Ronaldsay. The pilot flew over the island for more than an hour before he eventually spotted the distress signal. It was a bonfire burning inside a large letter "C" marked out in the snow. Crofters had been told to mark fires with the letters "C" for cattle food, "D" for doctors, and so on. After signalling the people below, the aircraft radioed their position to base, and eventually food and fodder was brought to the community there. Mr. J. Henderson Stewart, Joint Parliamentary Under Secretary of State for Scotland, congratulated the people of Orkney on their wisdom in laying in plentiful supplies of stores. (Pictures of "Operation Snowdrop" appear on the following page.)

ONE OF MANY DRAMATIC HELICOPTER EXPLOITS—AN EXPECTANT MOTHER IS TAKEN TO HOSPITAL : A Dragonfly helicopter waits in a field in the village of Dounreay, Caithness, while the stretcher-party, seen in the centre, approaches it through deep snow. On the stretcher was Mrs. C. Bannerman, the wife of a farmer, who was flown to hospital in Wick. There, an hour after her arrival, she gave birth to a 9-lb. boy. On her flight to Wick Mrs. Bannerman was accompanied by the midwife, who had reached Dounreay by a snow-plough.

THE PLIGHT OF THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND

"OPERATION SNOWDROP"

Helicopters Play a Leading Part in the Dramatic Naval and Air Force Relief Operation for the Snow-bound Villages and Isolated Crofts



THE SENTINEL AT THE NORTH-WEST TIP OF SCOTLAND : The lighthouse at Cape Wrath, Sutherland, lived up to its name during the snowstorms of January. The cliff-top itself, like the rest of the county, is snowbound, but the black sides of the cliff, which rush steeply down to the sea, are seen to be only flecked with white.

THE RESULT OF A HELICOPTER MISSION : Villagers are seen from a naval helicopter after collecting some of the supplies which had just been landed.

A HELICOPTER IS REFUELLED ABOARD "GLORY" : In the bitter weather which still prevailed, naval personnel are seen refuelling a Dragonfly which has just landed on the aircraft-carrier, anchored in Loch Erriboll. The helicopters also picked up supplies, and from *Glory* proceeded straight on a sortie to an isolated community.

A CRUEL MONTH FOR EUROPE

Widespread Floods Followed Heavy Snowfalls in All Parts of Europe in January

A deceptively mild autumn ushered in an exceptionally malignant winter in Europe. Very heavy snowfalls soon after Christmas were not unwelcome at first, even though they were aggravated by low temperatures which made transport a problem. But then came a sudden thaw, accompanied by heavy rainfall, and within hours the great rivers on the Continent had burst their banks and flooded the countryside around. The river Rhine has not risen to its January height since 1876, and the big cities were threatened as well as the rural communities. In the Federal capital, Bonn, the Parliament building was guarded by 100 police armed with 10,000 sand-bags, and some water actually came into the cellars. In other parts of Germany large areas were inundated, and at least sixteen people lost their lives as the level of the Rhine and its tributaries rose steadily. In France the Seine rose to alarming heights, as did the Marne and the Yonne. Many villages had to be evacuated, and Paris itself was making preparations to meet what threatened to be the worst floods in more than forty years. Austria, Belgium and Spain suffered severe storms. Switzerland had floods and avalanches. Denmark had the biggest snowfall in thirty years, and in the east there were disastrous floods on the Turkish-Greek-Bulgarian frontier. No country escaped entirely from the effects of one of the grimmest Januaries this century.

EUROPE IN THE GRIP OF WINTER—THE SCENE IN AMSTERDAM: This bank of the River Amstel had been frozen into inactivity by the weather earlier in the month. Heavy snowstorms followed by severe frost made it difficult to move on the slippery surface. In most parts of Europe these weather conditions were still further aggravated by sudden thaws and heavy rainfall.

A TURKISH CITY IS INUNDATED: The waters of three rivers are seen coursing their way through the Turkish city of Adrianople, near the Greek-Bulgarian border. The floods were caused by the bursting of the banks of the Rivers Maritsa, Acda, and Tunca.

FLOOD-WATERS FIFTY MILES FROM PARIS: An aerial view of the small township of Montereau, near the junction of the Rivers Seine and Yonne. This area to the north-west of Paris is accustomed to the Seine bursting its banks, but the floods this month have threatened exceptional danger.

THE RHINE FLOODS WREAK HAVOC: Farm buildings at Oppenheim, near Mainz, isolated by the swirling waters of the Rhine, the flood level of which was the highest in eighty years. In Bonn, flood-waters entered the cellars of the Federal Parliament building.

SWITZERLAND HAS HER SHARE OF THE BAD WEATHER: Water replaces snow in the village of Noe, in the Swiss canton of Valais. Warm weather and heavy rains brought widespread flooding as well as avalanches to Switzerland, and navigation had to be suspended on many of the lakes because of the rising water. Only a sharp drop in the temperature lessened the flood menace.

The Foreign News in Pictures

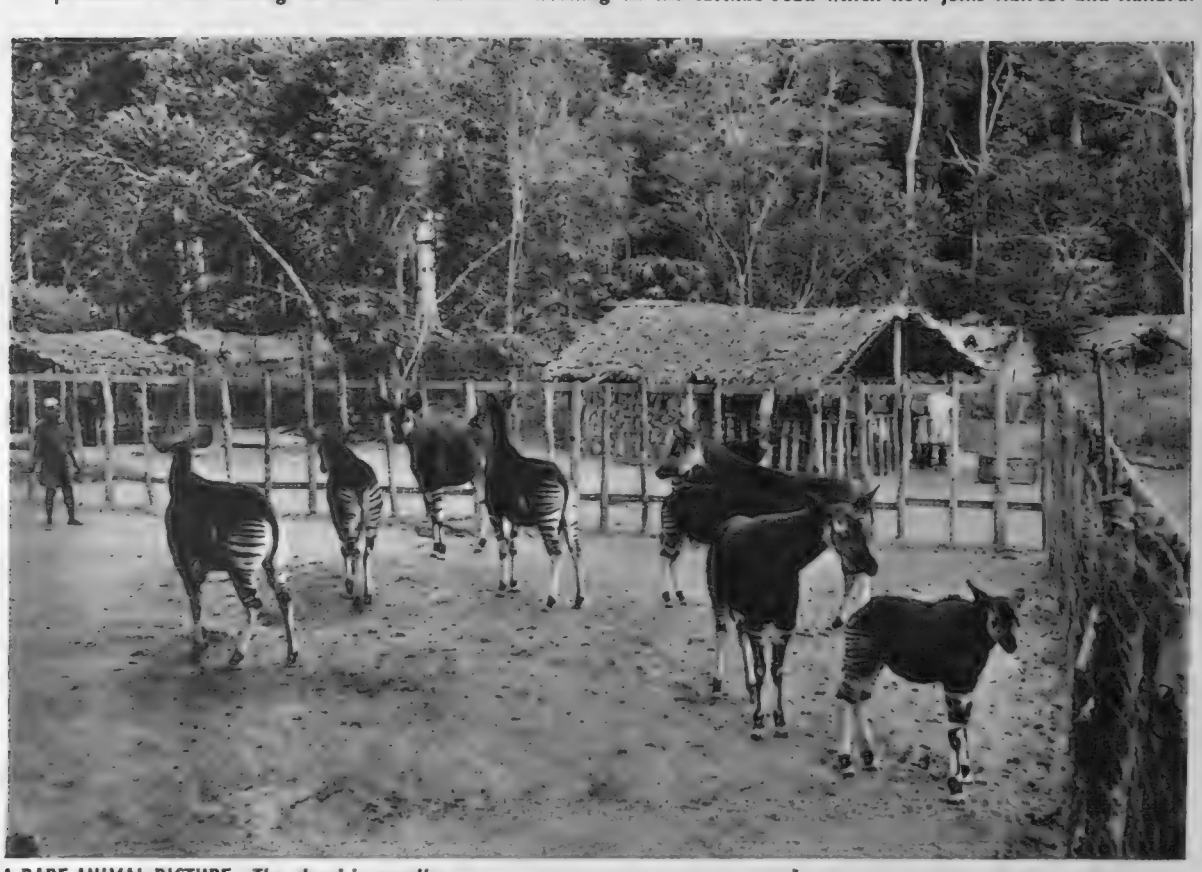
A DECISIVE PHASE IN KENYA

AND OTHER NEWS EVENTS IN AFRICA, CENTRAL AMERICA, THE CARIBBEAN, ASIA AND EUROPE

A SANCTUARY IN THE HEART OF MAU MAU LAND: Only the notice-board betrays the fact that this is not just a charming little chapel somewhere in Italy. In fact, it is situated twenty-five miles north-west of Nairobi. A few weeks ago shots were fired by Mau Mau terrorists hidden on the hillside. The chapel was built by Italian prisoners of war during the last war who were working on the tarmac road which now joins Nairobi and Nakuru.

THE NEW SURRENDER TERMS ARE ANNOUNCED: Sir Evelyn Baring, Governor of Kenya, proclaiming the Government's new terms under which Mau Mau terrorists will not be sentenced to death if they surrender now. With the Governor at the ceremony in Nyeri are, left, General Sir George Erskine, Commander-in-Chief, East Africa; and right, Mr. Richard Catling, recently appointed Commissioner of Police in Kenya.

New surrender terms were announced by the Governor of Kenya last week for Mau Mau terrorists who voluntarily gave themselves up. It was stated that such Mau Mau would not be prosecuted for past terrorist offences. They were, however, liable to be detained, and it was later explained that those accused of murder would probably be detained indefinitely. At the same time the Governor announced that there would be no further prosecutions against members of the Kikuyu security forces for offences hitherto committed by them in the course of their service. These new terms coincide with the renewed military offensive, Operation Hammer, designed to bring to an end active Mau Mau terrorism. It is hoped that the nature of the new terms will encourage large numbers of terrorists to give themselves up. The Governor's proclamation has, however, aroused a fierce storm of protest from British settlers in Kenya, some of whom have condemned the surrender terms as "utterly shameful and foolish." As a gesture of protest the British population of Nairobi went to work waving green branches—the symbol of Mau Mau surrender. Mr. Michael Blundell, Minister without Portfolio in the Kenya Government and a member of the War Council, argued that there was a good chance of the new terms being successful in ending the Emergency. It was known that the previous "green branch" offer made to the terrorists at the time of the surrender of General China had failed chiefly because the Mau Mau had feared capital punishment.



A RARE ANIMAL PICTURE: The okapi is usually seen alone. It is rare for nine of them to be caught together by the camera. This picture was taken in the Game Reserve at Epulu, in the Belgian Congo. The okapi is a ruminant mammal related to the giraffe and inhabiting Central Africa. It was discovered by Sir Harry Johnston in 1900, hence its classification as *Ocapia johnstoni*. It is about the size of a mule, with a blackish-brown pelt and its legs have horizontal stripes of yellow and black.

On right—

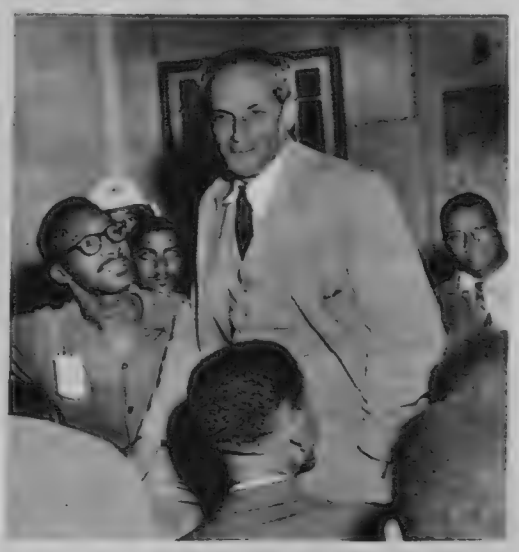
THE PRESIDENT OF PANAMA, WHO WAS ARRESTED FOR ALLEGED COMPLICITY IN THE KILLING OF HIS PREDECESSOR: President José Ramon Guizado, of Panama (seated in the centre), is seen here holding his only Press conference during his short tenure of office. He succeeded President Remón, who was shot dead at a race meeting on January 2. But after thirteen days in the highest office, President Guizado was arrested to face impeachment before the National Assembly of Panama on allegations of having been concerned in the assassination of his predecessor. A commission has been appointed to consider the evidence.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF PANAMA: After the arrest of Senor Guizado, the Vice-President, Ricardo Arias Espinosa, was sworn in as President. He was Panama's third President within a fortnight. President Espinosa was born forty-two years ago in the Panamanian Embassy in Washington.

EPERS ON LEAVE—A CHRISTMAS INCIDENT WITH REPERCUSSIONS : A group of lepers from the colony on the island of Chacachacare, just off the coast of Trinidad, waiting at the landing-stage to leave the mainland. Unknown to the inhabitants of Trinidad, 160 patients from the colony had been given leave by their medical superintendent, Dr. Michael Corcos, to spend Christmas and the New Year in Trinidad. They moved freely through the island, using restaurants, dance halls, and other public centres. The first that was heard of this leave was the announcement that Dr. Corcos had been ordered to take compulsory leave pending instructions from the Colonial Office in London. Dr. Corcos, who is a Londoner, at first refused to leave the island, and the patients on Chacachacare went on strike in support of his stand. Police were called, and later Dr. Corcos was taken to the mainland. Since his appointment to the colony Dr. Corcos has tried to implement his "progressive" policy towards leprosy : he says that the dangers of infection are grossly over-rated and that lepers should not be treated as outcasts.

INTER SPORT IN SWITZERLAND : While racecourses in Britain have been snow- and frost-bound for many days, Switzerland enjoys her horse racing. Here the runners in the Hotel Stakes at Arosa are seen taking a bend.

THE SWEETS OF VICTORY—HO CHI MINH RECEIVES TOKENS OF LOYALTY IN HANOI : The Viet-minh leader, standing below a huge portrait of himself, can be seen, at left between two microphones, waving his hand in greeting. He was reviewing a great parade of civilians and military personnel in Hanoi which was part of a demonstration of loyalty to him. At his right are General Nguyen Giap, left, the successful Commander-in-Chief of the Viet-minh forces, and Pham Van Dong, the Viet-minh Vice-Premier. While news from the south of Indo-China indicates that the Viet Nam Prime Minister is beginning to get some measure of support from military and political leaders and the population as a whole, reports from the Viet-minh-held north show that enthusiasm for Ho Chi Minh's Communist regime is on the wane. Many hundreds of refugees are arriving at Haiphong every day for evacuation to Viet Nam.



A NEW CHIEF MINISTER FOR JAMAICA : Mr. Norman Washington Manley seen with his supporters in Kingston after his People's National Party had won control of the Jamaica House of Representatives. Mr. Manley thus succeeded his cousin, Mr. Bustamante, as Chief Minister of the island. The P.N.P. gained a majority of four votes over the more right wing Labour Party in the General Election held earlier this month. Mr. Manley, who is sixty-one, is a very distinguished barrister and Queen's Counsel who came to England as a Rhodes scholar. He won the Military Medal in the First World War while serving as a gunner. Mr. Manley stated his party considered increased production, not nationalisation to be the solution to Jamaica's problems.

BRIDGE TO LINK TWO VITAL NAVAL CENTRES IN THE SOUTH OF JAPAN : An aerial view of the Seikai Bridge which has just been completed. It spans the bay between the two ports of Nagasaki and Sasebo, in the southern island of Kyushu. Sasebo is used by the American and British fleets. The bridge, over 1,000 ft. long, is said to be the third-longest steel-arch bridge in the world. It cost nearly £550,000, and is the first bridge of its kind to be built in Japan.

DISCARDED BY AN "UNGRATEFUL" ELECTORATE : The flamboyant Mr. W. A. Bustamante, defeated at the polls, after ten years in office, complained of the ingratitude of Jamaicans.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE AS IT IS TO-DAY : The auditorium of the theatre, which was built in 1835. *At right*—A view of the exterior of the theatre in King Street, running off St. James's Square, London. Applications have been made to the London County Council for permission to build offices and showrooms on the site of St. James's Theatre. Although the Council has agreed in principle to the conversion of the theatre, it has been stated that neither St. James's nor the Stoll Theatre, for which a similar application has been received, has yet been sold. A firm of architects, however, has already drawn up preliminary plans for the conversion of the St. James's. In less than twenty years London has already lost seven theatres.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, 1835-1955

Memories of the Personalities who Grew to Fame in the Historic London Theatre, on whose Site it is Planned to Build Offices and Showrooms

By W. MACQUEEN-POPE

IF the St. James's Theatre is to be demolished to make room for office buildings, a history as remarkable as any in theatrical annals will come to an end, and one of the few remaining strongholds of the great days of the British drama will disappear for ever.

The St. James's Theatre was built by John Braham, the famous tenor, in 1835. It is thus the third oldest theatre in London, although the much-altered Adelphi might challenge this claim. It cost Braham between £26,000 and £30,000, his entire fortune. It was his life's savings, derived from sixty-one years of hard work, and he lost it all. Braham acquired the site in King Street on which stood an ancient hostelry going back to the days of Charles II. He got permission to build a playhouse from King William IV and he announced the result thus :—

> "St. James's Theatre. Mr. Braham has the honour to inform the nobility, gentry and the public that his new Theatre, King Street, St. James's Square, will open on Monday, December 14th, 1835, when and during the week an opening address will be spoken by Mrs. Selby, after which will be presented, for the first time, a new and original burletta, which has been some time in preparation, *Agnes Sorel*, written by Gilbert A'Beckett. The overture and the whole of the music composed by Mrs. G. A'Beckett."

Braham was his own leading man, and his leading lady was Miss Priscilla Horton, afterwards the celebrated Mrs. German Reed, who, with her husband, provided Victorian parents with entertainment "calculated not to bring a blush to the cheek of the young person." Braham thought that he had a big enough following to pull the public in, but the public remained unpulled. They considered the theatre off the map, although it was only a few minutes' walk from the successful Haymarket.

Braham found he had a failure. After some alterations, he announced that it was "admitted to be the most splendid theatre in Europe." Still the public did not respond. A work by Charles Dickens, *The Strange Gentleman*, ran for fifty nights and raised hopes. Braham got Dickens to do a comic opera, *Village Coquettes*—and said it was the best thing since Sheridan's *Duenna*. It ran to poor houses for twenty performances. Braham gave up in 1838, a ruined man. He was sixty-four years old, and started again as singer. When he died at the age of eighty-three he was quite comfortably off.

But they began to call the St. James's "Braham's Folly." It was the unluckiest theatre in town. Many distinguished people tried their luck, all left with emptied pockets. One flash of success came when Van Ambergh and his performing lions, reinforced by a troop of performing monkeys, goats and dogs, from Paris, had quite a vogue. The animal actors did what their human rivals could not do.

In 1839 the egregious Alfred Bunn, of Drury Lane, tried his hand at opera. In 1840, Queen Victoria married Prince Albert and everything German became fashionable. Bunn changed the name of the theatre to the Princes and staged German opera. Every critic denounced it, but the loyal public went in quantities. But like everything else, it did not last. Bunn went bankrupt and the theatre closed again.

It was reopened in 1842 by Mr. Mitchell, the famous ticket agent of Bond Street. He had a policy. He made it the French Theatre of London, and changed the back to the St. James's. He brought over the French productions, plays and artists. Amongst was the great Rachel herself who, when she first appe in London at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, had petted and courted by Royalty itself. But this she was under a cloud of scandal. Royalty, the nob and gentry abstained, but the public acclaimed. St. James's was the scene of this great tragedie last London appearance in 1853—she died in When Mitchell left at the end of twelve years, he well on the wrong side of the profit account.

A THEATRE THAT HOLDS GREAT MEMORIES : The staircase in the foyer of the St. James's. In its 120 years' history many of the greatest actors, actresses, and playwrights of the time have been associated with it.

A long record of bad luck, such as this t theatre has in its tapestry, is depressing and be passed over quickly, merely recording appearances by J. L. Toole, Henry Irving J. S. Clarke in *Major Wellington de Boots*, a fairy play produced by F. B. Chatterton—tried popular prices—which was called *The and Edgar*! Ristori and Barry Sullivan appeared at the St. James's during its unl years.

From 1835 until 1879 that hoodoo held, then it was broken. For to the St. James's people of the kind it required—Mr. and Kendal, actor-managers, and with them Hare. All great people, all great box-o attractions. The public began to find the James's was not so far away now that real po favourites were there. Very wisely the Ke and Hare opened with a tried success—*Queen's Shilling*. In 1881, a play by a dram destined to be one of the St. James's great p and a pillar of the British theatre in general, produced. The name was Arthur Wing Pi and the play *The Money Spinner*. It live to its name and it made the name of its au

Success followed success; the St. James's reached its destiny—a home for actor-mana Many famous plays were produced and and Mrs. Kendal added to their already reputations as such productions as *The Fa* by Tennyson, *The Iron Master* (Pinero ag *The Ladies' Battle*, and many more. partnership ended in 1888.

The bad luck had been broken. But as as the Kendals and Hare were gone, back it again. Rutland Barrington, the old Savo tried to go into management with a play by Gilbert called *Brantinghame Hall*. It completely. Mrs. Langtry shone for a season, but bad luck crept up again.

Just round the corner, waiting for his cha was George Alexander, and he was alr installed as actor-manager at the Avenue The He did not fear the bad luck and went to

GREAT ACTOR-MANAGER OF THE ST. JAMES'S IN TWO OF HIS PRODUCTIONS AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS VERY SUCCESSFUL RULE: *On left*—George Alexander and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, in 1893. Pinero was among the many distinguished authors who got their great chance from Alexander, and Mrs. Campbell among the many stars who played their first leading roles at the St. James's. *On right*—A group from R. C. Carton's *Liberty Hall*, which Alexander put on in 1892. At the table are, from left, Edward Righton, H. H. Vincent, A. Holles and Ailsa Craig; and in the background Ben Webster, Maude Millett, George Alexander and Marion Terry.

James's in February, 1891. In the lives of theatres—f nations—a man arises in the hour of need. And so as the St. James's was concerned, Alexander was that n. The place fitted him to perfection—he was the l actor-manager for the theatre and district of James's. He had great distinction of manner, earance and acting. He made the St. James's a e of quality and dignity, of perfection of production acting, and of the best possible playwrights. His dignity and old world courtesy pervaded the theatre. whole atmosphere which he created there can be pressed into a programme note of his. It was in the s when ladies wore huge, floriferous and befeathered . This is how Alexander dealt with the question *atinée* hats:—

"Mr. George Alexander would respectfully request those dies who frequent the St. James's Theatre intent on ewing the performance to recollect the similar purpose those who sit behind them. If, therefore, every large t were left in the Cloak Room (for which there is no arge), the lady so doing would confer a great benefit on r immediate neighbours."

That was the sort of place the St. James's was. xander made it a home for British dramatists—and his to was "The Best Only." His list of playwrights most distinguished—R. C. Carton, Alfred C. Calmour, Haddon Chambers, Walter Frith, Henry Hamilton, J. Comyns Carr, W. L. Courtney, Henry Arthur Jones, H. V. Esmond, Justin Huntly M'Carthy, Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, Alfred Sutro, Bernard Shaw, Temple and Catherine Thurston, Anthony Hope, A. E. W. Mason, and last but not least, Oscar Wilde and Pinero. Alexander produced *Lady Windermere's Fan*, and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, and also *The Ideal Husband*. Who will forget the force and impact of Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, in which Alexander allotted the lead to a then little-known actress named Mrs. Patrick Campbell; or *His House in Order*, in which both actor-ager and dramatist touched their highest point?

MAN WHO BUILT THE EATRE: John Braham, well-known operatic nger, invested his 's savings in the St. mes's, and lost them all.

lexander did all sorts of plays: comedies like *ly Hall*, romantic drama like *If I Were King*, in h a young actress named Lilian Braithwaite reached lom, and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Plays of charm *Old Heidelberg*. Poetic drama like Stephen Phillips' *o and Francesca*, when the manly beauty of person voice in a young actor playing the lead—whose name Henry Ainley—made all London gasp. And even n Alexander sublet the theatre it held beauty. Did Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson produce *The Passing e Third Floor Back* there?

lexander produced Shakespeare, too, and London entranced by Julia Neilson's *Rosalind*. The story ne St. James's under Sir George Alexander—for he knighted in 1911—is a tapestry of splendid achieve-t, great names, lovely women who were, at the same great actresses—Irene Vanbrugh, Fay Davis, Eva re, Evelyn Millard, Lily Hanbury—and grand actors H. B. Irving, Dawson Milward, E. Lyle Swete, ert Waring, Charles Fulton, C. M. Lowne, E. Vivian olds, H. V. Esmond, J. D. Beveridge.

lexander reigned there from 1891 until his too early h in 1918. Since then, the theatre has prospered in main. But it has always lacked a resident -manager. There have been bright pages—such as *Limelight, The Late Christopher Bean, A Month in ountry, Pride and Prejudice*. And Gladys Cooper in *The Shining Hour*, and with Sir Gerald Du Maurier, in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*.

ONE OF THE STARS WHO SHONE AT THE ST. JAMES'S: Dame Irene Vanbrugh in the 1890's, when she played in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* at the theatre.

THE GREAT MANAGER'S WIFE: Lady Alexander, who was not an actress, but who was always a great help to her husband in the management of the theatre.

Hopes rose high when Sir Laurence and Lady Olivier went there. *Anthony and Cleopatra, Cæsar and Cleopatra*; the distinction of *Venus Observed* and *Captain Carvallo* seemed to bring back the great days again: but it was not to be permanent. To-day the theatre holds a big success, *Separate Tables*, by our leading playwright Terence Rattigan, played in the real St. James's manner. If the curtain must fall, let it fall on Success, that success planted by the Kendals and made certain by Alexander.

If the St. James's falls, nobody is to blame. It is the pattern of the times in which we live. The whole of the world of the theatre is in the melting-pot. It will not die, but it will emerge in different form. Gone are the old days of stability; now the theatre faces constantly rising costs of running and production, which it finds almost impossible to meet, as well as its most insidious and dangerous rival—a mechanical one—in Television. So if theatre owners, whose life is always hazardous, look ahead and desire to get out with their capital and a little profit when they can, is it possible to blame them? This is a mechanical and commercial age—blocks of offices supply steady and constant profits, theatres do the reverse. One regrets, one mourns—but one must set aside sentiment and face realities.

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN": Wilde's comedy was put on at the St. James's in 1892, and proved another of the theatre's successes. From right are George Alexander, H. H. Vincent, Nutcombe Gold, A. Vane-Tempest, and Ben Webster. *The Ideal Husband* and *The Importance of Being Earnest* were other Wilde plays produced by Alexander.

RIOT IN A BOSTON CELL BLOCK

Four Convicts in the State Prison Take Five Warders Hostage and Demand Freedom

Yet another riot in an American State prison has startled the public; this latest one in the Massachusetts State Prison, in Boston, had unusually grim implications. After twenty-three dangerous convicts had made an abortive attempt to escape, four of them took five prison warders hostage and barricaded themselves into their cell block. Through their leader Theodore Green, a bank robber, they announced to the authorities that they demanded their release and a car in which they could make their getaway. Unless the authorities complied with this demand, the convicts threatened, the warders would be killed. The reply of the Massachusetts Governor was to call in some 200 police armed with everything from pistols to bazookas, and to summon a tank from a near-by Army station. Meanwhile, Green's seventeen-year-old daughter, Toby, came to the prison to plead with her father, both on the prison telephone and through the bars of the cell windows. Roman Catholic and Protestant chaplains, and the prison doctor, also tried to persuade the four convicts of the futility of their stand, but at the end of four days they still remained adamant in their determination to escape or kill. It was noteworthy, however, that the convicts, themselves without food, allowed their hostages to receive meals during their captivity. Soup and sandwiches were brought in by the chaplains and doctor, who saw to it that the convicts carried out their promise not to touch the food themselves. This is the third riot in the Boston prison within three years. Parts of the prison buildings are 150 years old, and a new gaol in Norfolk, fifteen miles from Boston, is due to be completed in April.

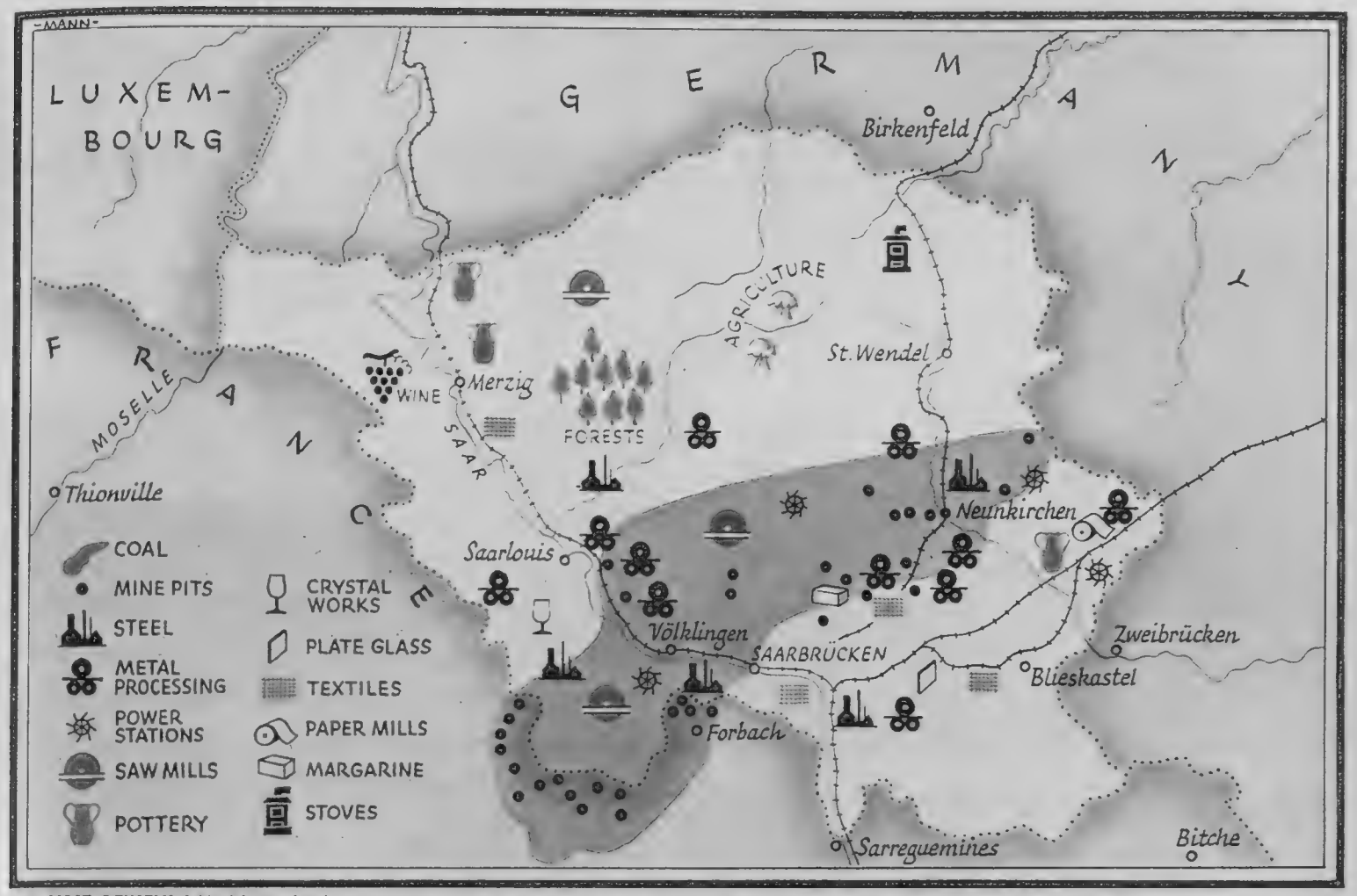
THE SCENE OF THE THIRD RIOT IN BOSTON IN THREE YEARS: An aerial view of the Massachusetts State Prison, where four dangerous convicts took five prison warders hostage and threatened to kill them unless they were released and given a car in which to escape. The solitary confinement cells, where the prisoners were besieged, are at the end of the block in the top left-hand corner, outside the main quadrangle. The Boston prison is 150 years old.

SPOTLIGHT ON THE MUTINEERS: Firemen and guards putting spotlights in position on the walls near the solitary confinement section of the prison known as Cherry Hill. The riot began when twenty-three convicts made an attempt to escape, which was frustrated.

THE STATE POLICE ARE CALLED IN: State police who had been rushed to the prison from their barracks outside Boston are seen filing into the gaol. Altogether, 200 State and City police were called to the riot.

A TANK ARRIVES: The 34-ton tank which was sent to the prison by Army authorities at Fort Devens, in preparation for an all-out attack on the cell block if the need arose. On the tank is mounted a 76-mm. gun. The police were armed with machine guns, sub-machine guns, rocket guns, bazookas and rifles, as well as explosives and gas.

EXPLANATION AND APPEAL: Mr. John J. O'Brien, Warden of the prison, talking to the Press. *On left*—Toby Green, daughter of the convicts' ringleader, appealing to her father by 'phone.



THE MOST DENSELY POPULATED AREA IN EUROPE: The Saarland is just under 1,000 square miles in area, and has nearly 1,000,000 inhabitants. It lies in Western Europe, between Luxemburg, Lorraine and the Rhineland. In size and population it compares with the English county of Durham. The Saar is one of the Continent's centres of heavy industry, the reserves of its coalfields being estimated almost to equal the coal resources of France. For eighty years it has been disputed between France and Germany. Soon the Saarlanders are to settle their future by plebiscite.

THE "CAPITAL OF EUROPE"

The Small, Busy, Disputed Territory of the Saarland will Soon Hold a Plebiscite to Determine its Political Future; the Inhabitants have the Ambition to Become the Centre of the New West European Union

By JACK HARTSHORN

IT is almost exactly twenty years since the people of the Saar Valley voted in a plebiscite to settle the future of their homeland. In about three months' time they will do the same again. On January 13, 1935, their verdict, as expected, was entirely decisive. Ninety per cent. of the Saarlanders voted for reunion with Germany—under Hitler. Less than one in ten of them voted for the continuation of an international regime controlled by the League of Nations, and not one in 200 for union with France.

This spring, most experts believe, the verdict of the Saar will once again be a foregone conclusion—but in another direction. The Saarlanders are confidently expected to vote in favour of a "Europeanised" regime much more closely linked, in the beginning at least, with France than with Germany. It is true that this is the course now recommended to them by the West German Premier as well as by the French. It is formally a temporary measure, for the decision is to be revised when finally a peace treaty comes to be negotiated with Germany.

But treaty negotiations are a long way off; many Saarlanders, indeed, hope that this "Europeanisation" will become the permanent destiny of their small, busy, disputed domain. What has happened to change their minds since that overwhelming answer in 1935 of "*Deutsch ist die Saar*"?

Since then has occurred a war in which the Saar, a frontier battle-ground, was as badly devastated as almost anywhere in Europe. It left a huge task of reconstruction for a community which suffered a higher proportion of disabled people than most regions. The Saarlanders have done this job of reconstruction in nine post-war years of hard work and prosperity under the wing of France. It might simply be argued that they fear to-day reunion with Germany might jeopardise that prosperity. It is a fact that it might do so. Despite booming recovery, the Federal Republic has far higher unemployment than the Saar, somewhat lower wages, and lower social security benefits.

But the Saarlanders, canny frontier-dwellers though they are, are not interested merely in short-term advantages. In the last twenty years certain facts of life have been brutally impressed upon the minds of the inhabitants of this industrial enclave. German as it is in language, tastes, and traditions, a Saar sharply cut off from France could have little economic future.

At the very heart of Western Europe, tucked between Luxemburg, Lorraine, and the Rhineland, the Saar comprises just under a thousand square miles of living space for nearly a million people—about the size and population of the county of Durham, in the North of England. It has formed a natural corridor from the Rhineland to the west for centuries, though to-day only one main railway line crosses it, from Frankfurt to Paris. It is rolling country, much of it thickly forested, and widely cultivated in little farms and small-holdings. Viewed casually it seems by no means an obvious industrial area.

Yet it is one of Europe's centres of heavy industry. Its mining industry is based on a coalfield of which the reserves are estimated alone to be almost as large as all the coal measures of France. It has a long-established iron and steel industry and, particularly since the war, a growing development of lighter engineering such as refrigerator manufacture.

More densely populated than any European country, it has probably a smaller proportion of its people working on the land—as few as some 4,000 in a working population of 400,000. The Saar, indeed, produces no more than 20 per cent. of its own food. As a result, it is even more dependent upon imports—for raw materials as well as food—than Britain. In order to pay for them it is faced with the same post-war problem of "export or die." More than half the goods its industries produce have to be sold abroad—primarily in France and Germany, though the shares going to each of the two have altered over the years with the changes of regime and of customs.

THE NEWEST AND LARGEST BUILDING IN THE SAAR IS FRENCH TERRITORY: The modern French Embassy dominates Saarbrücken. Since 1945 the territory has come under the French ægis, first as an occupation zone and later as a region with considerable autonomy. Having a customs union with France, it is inextricably linked with the French economy.

This is as true of the basic industries as of the lighter industries for consumer goods. The Saar mines, which employ more than a fifth of the Saar's workers, produce about 17,000,000 tons of coal a year and export nearly two-thirds of it. Of the 67,000 people employed in mining, just under 40,000 work underground; they have the highest "output per man-shift" in Europe. This is not because the coal is easy to mine—the coal measures are mainly thin, faulted seams—and not even this productive efficiency makes Saar coal as cheap as German.

But the Saar miners are an outstanding example of traditional craft. They are skilful, hard-working, and prosperous. Many of them come from families which have worked in these mines for generations. Most of them own their own houses, and work small-holdings in their spare time. These factors make for a content and efficient mining labour force.

Since the war, the Saar has been responsible for about a quarter of the coal France bought from abroad, and a sixth of the coke. Saar coal is not good enough to make coke by itself. For this reason, this

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THE "CAPITAL OF EUROPE"

A SOURCE OF THE SAAR'S WEALTH: Piles of coal lie along the banks of the river. Much will go to France, which, since the war, bought a quarter of her imported coal from the Saar. Considerable tonnages are also sent to Germany.

On left—

UNION WITH FRANCE?: German is the common language. But this picture of eight years ago recalls the inhabitants crowding to join the movement for Union with France. To-day the majority favour "Europeanisation."

ONE OF THE SAAR'S SIX MAJOR STEELWORKS: The Halb plant is working at full pressure. The Territor annual output of crude steel from its six larg works is about 3,000,000 tons. This product ability has caused long rivalry between the border nations. Since 1951, the Saar has contributed to Coal-Steel Community of Belgium, the Ruhrla Luxemburg and Lorraine. The Saar helps to bala the power of France with Germany, the France-S coal and steel accounting for 32 per cent. of Community's resources against Germany's 45 per c

AN OPEN FRONTIER: On the road from Metz to Saarbrücken, the bridge (in the centre of the picture) is the frontier with France. But there is no customs house, nor frontier guard. Movement on this road is free. The rolling country is a reminder that besides its industries, the Saar possesses farms, forests and vineyards.

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area is not self-sufficient even in coal, having to br in coking coal from Germany to mix with its own the coke-ovens of its steel plants. Considerable t nages have gone to Western Germany since the war, until the "common market" was opened under Schuman Plan some of these were accounted for by so-called "switch operations."

Under these, France received coal and coke fr Germany in exchange for Saar coal, of inferior qualit which was sold in Germany. These operations requ a French subsidy, for German coal even in these mar areas was cheaper than the Saar could supply. Tho these "switch operations" have been abolished under Coal-Steel Community, exports of Saar coal to Germa have required some further financial support of this k

A closer link between France and the Saar lies their steel industries. The Saar industry came i being to manufacture iron from local ores, which h since been exhausted. To-day, all its ore comes fr abroad, primarily from the "minette" deposits Lorraine. "Minette" is not a particularly rich o and it has a high proportion of phosphorus combi with iron; but it is close to the Saar, and cheap.

It was not until 1878 that an Englishman, Sid Gilchrist Thomas, succeeded in adapting the Besse process of steel-making to smelt ore with so hig phosphorus content. The "minette," which until t could not be used to make iron and steel, acquire new importance overnight and put the Saar me lurgical industries on a new basis. Now, almost whole of the ore used in the Saar's six major steelwo is Lorraine "minette." These works produce 2,500, to 3,000,000 tons of crude steel. Again, two-thirds of is sold outside the Saar, and France takes not much than half under the present regime and Customs un

GHEST "OUTPUT PER MAN SHIFT" IN EUROPE: Miners are changing shifts at e Velsen mine, in Ludweiler. Nearly 67,000 Saarlanders are employed in coal oduction. Statistically, their output is the highest in Europe. The coal is not sy to mine, but efficiency enables the Saar to export 11,000,000 tons each year.

AGRICULTURE EMPLOYS ONLY 1 PER CENT. OF THE WORKERS: The farmer ploughing near Saarbrücken is one of the 4,000 out of the 400,000 working population who engage in agriculture. The Saar produces only 20 per cent. of its own food. For this reason it has to "export or die." More than half its industrial goods are sold abroad.

a steel-producing unit, as well as for most of l supplies, the Saar is dependent upon Lorraine. ital inter-connection has formed the material the nationalist rivalries of France and Germany oth areas. Between 1871 and 1918 Lorraine was o the Saar under the imperial German flag. The re therefore in the same currency and customs After Versailles—where Woodrow Wilson strove ssfully for "self-determination" of the Saar he territory was under an international regime. first trade was free with Germany as well as but from 1925 onward the link with France was ed by a customs union. The free trading link rraine, under one flag or another, remained. It t until the plebiscite of 1935, when the people of the Saar chose to return to the Third Reich, that for the first time since 1871 a real severance of the two territories was considered.

Under Hitler the Saar faced Lorraine across a customs barrier. This broke the trade partnership. Moreover, the German economic planners strove to reorientate the territory's whole economy away from France and towards Germany. The attempt did not succeed in the few years that elapsed before the war. Since the war the French have published Nazi documents suggesting that this German plan might eventually have been hopeless. To supply the steel plants of the Saar with ores brought from various fields in Germany would not only have been more costly. The Saar furnaces were not designed for them. Finally, the Nazi planners had to ask whether it might not become necessary to transfer certain of the plants out of the Saar towards these new orefields. In the event, war supervened. By 1940, Germany had once again secured free access to the Lorraine ores. Five years later, it was the whole status of the Saar, not that of Lorraine, which was once again in the melting-pot.

Since 1945, the Saar has been under the French ægis, first in an occupation zone, later as a territory given gradually more autonomy, but included within a customs union with France. French policy has been notably more circumspect than after the First World War, when its use of native troops in disturbances within the Saar angered not only Germany but France's

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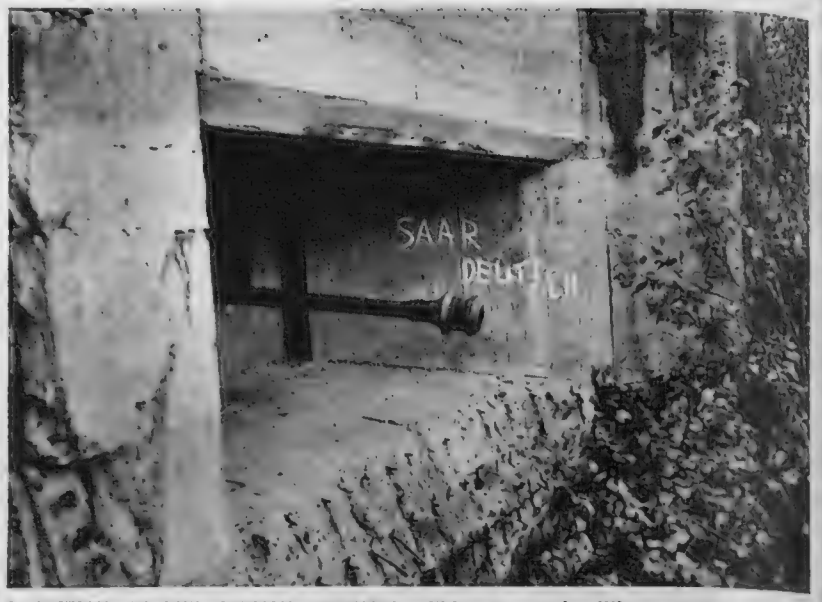
A REMNANT OF THE MAGINOT LINE: The bunker, now a frontier control point, was once part of the French Line. Since 1870 the Saarland has been devastated by three major wars, and has been at different times a valuable prize to France and Germany.



A SECTION OF THE GERMAN DEFENCES: This gun and pillbox were in Hitler's Siegfried Line. The scrawled "*Saar Deutsch*" ("The Saar is German") is the slogan of the party who want a return to incorporation with Germany.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE SAARLAND: It is the first in the Territory's history and has been established since the war in a forest near Saarbrücken. At one time it was occupied by frontier guards. Now it is equipped with laboratories and lecture-rooms for the most advanced and up-to-date educational purposes. Many of the students plan their future in the industries of their land and take courses in Science and Technology.

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former allies. But since the Second World War France has been even more determined that the Saar should not return to Germany. It is regarded as a significant economic unit, linked with France and an important sector in the French defences facing the Rhine.

With that policy in mind, French support of representative government for the Saar, which has had two general elections since the war, has fallen short of allowing political parties freely to advocate any immediate return to Germany. The Saar Government, under Herr Johannes Hoffman, has continued the same policy. It has refused to "license" the area's pro-German parties, upon the grounds that alteration of the fundamental constitution is not at present a proper subject for political agitation.

That policy, inevitably, has nettled the West German Government, which is—even since its latest agreement—committed to the argument that at the peace settlement the Saar should return to Germany. In the meantime, it holds, the pro-German parties should be allowed full propaganda. Since they have not been allowed this, the Federal Republic has given a considerable direct support to pro-German propaganda, through broadcasting and, in one case, through a clandestine newspaper smuggled into the Saar.

The Saarlanders, primarily, have had more to do than talk politics. They have rebuilt as many houses as were destroyed during the war, and are now going on to slum clearance. In economic union with France, they have obtained a considerable amount of money—from France and from American aid, though not as much as they would like—to build up and to diversify their industrial production. These new light industries have been set up in part to replace imports from Germany, since the Saarlanders share German tastes in consumer goods and cannot get these satisfied from France. But they, too, are heavy exporters, assisted in competing abroad by protection for their home market. How these industries would fare against full competition, if the territory were reunited with Germany, is doubtful.

It is hardly surprising that the politicians of the Saar, and of the two countries with which it is bound up, should be attracted by the idea of European union. "Europeanisation" for the Saar had been discussed tentatively by French and German politicians for some time. It began to crystallise in the first evidence of real union, the Schuman Plan of 1951 for pooling steel and coal in Western Europe.

The Coal-Steel Community was planned to remove national barriers to trade within the whole of the great complex of heavy industry, which includes Belgium and the Ruhr, Luxemburg, Lorraine and the Saar. The Saar became a part of the Coal-Steel organisation through its French Customs Union. Within the community it serves partly to balance the power of France with Germany. Together, the France-Saar coal and steel industries account for 32 per cent. of the community's resources, against 45 per cent. for Germany. But if the Saar were reunited with Germany, France's share would drop to less than a quarter.

BI-LINGUAL SCHOOLS: The pupil learns French and German. The Saarland is predominantly German in language and traditions, but its people know they have little economic future cut off from France.

With this form of "Europeanisation" for Saar industry coming into force after 1952, interest in some similar political solution quickened. The Council of Europe commissioned one of its members, a Dutch lawyer named Marinus van der Goes der Naters, with French, German and Saar colleagues, to undertake a new study of the Saar problem. His monumental report, published in 1953, examined the historical claims of the two nations, only to brush them aside as irrelevant to the problems of to-day. He proposed that the Saar should become the first "supra-national" territory of the European community, according Germany as well as France special access to its economy but united with neither. That plan, amended in some details, formed the basis of the agreement between M. Mendès-France and Dr. Adenauer last October.

This agreement, which is only a part of the major Paris agreements upon German rearmament and Western defence, was the result of hard bargaining. Dr. Adenauer was forced to concede more than many of his colleagues and opponents at Bonn would have wished. But the French made concessions too. To many Saarlanders the compromise offers at last a chance of some permanent political solution.

The Saar is to retain its complete autonomy as regards internal politics. However, defence and foreign affairs, until now controlled by France, are to be managed by the newly-formed West European Union. In Saarbrücken this new organisation will be represented by a European commissioner—he is to be neither a German, nor a Frenchman, nor a Saarlander—who will watch over the European status of the area. The Saar remains a part of the French currency and customs area. But Western Germany is eventually to achieve an equal importance in economic relations with the territory.

The new European statute of the Saar will have to be approved by a referendum of its inhabitants. Before this vote is taken, the banned parties in the area are assured three months of unrestricted propaganda for their different points of view. Presuming approval—and it is significant that the agreement contains no provisions for what would happen if the Saarlanders, by some chance, do not approve—preparations to elect a new Saar *Landtag* will begin. The pro-German parties, some of which are advising their supporters to refrain from voting at the coming referendum, will make their main efforts at the subsequent election. They are disturbed at the sentence in the agreement which runs: "As soon as this European statute is approved by referendum it can no longer be questioned until the conclusion of a peace treaty." They wonder whether this principle may be interpreted to hamper them, as it has been before. But even they expect that the first vote will give a clear majority in support of the Paris agreement.

The new Franco-German accord over the Saar contains some obscurities. Though it was agreed comparatively easily by the French Chamber, Dr. Adenauer may find it the hardest part of the Paris agreements to pilot through his Parliament at Bonn. Even the latest meetings at Baden Baden do not appear to have secured any "clarifications" or concessions with which he may satisfy his unruly political allies. There remain, too, fundamental differences of purpose between the two countries. Germany puts emphasis upon the fact that no final decision will be taken until the peace settlement. France counts the maintenance of the Saar within the customs union as evidence that the territory will never again become German. Nevertheless, this agreement does offer the much-disputed territory perhaps a greater chance of permanence than it has known for many years; and with political permanence, economic rewards. There is the chance to attract foreign capital which until now has been hesitant to support Saar enterprise, and the possibility that the Coal-Steel Community may move its headquarters from Luxemburg to Saarbrücken.

The Saar's capital has ambitions to become "the capital of Europe," and has planned a new international suburb to house the central organisations of the new West European Union. The Saarlanders admit that this new, more hopeful future is wholly dependent upon a new era in Franco-German co-operation. The two countries must put national rivalry second to co-operation in economic relations and defence. It is a co-operation which seems vital not only for the Saar but for the whole of Western Europe.

UNDERWATER CRAFT, LARGE AND SMALL

Two Submarines, One an Atomic-powered Giant, and the Other a Two-man Midget, are Tested in America

On left—

THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC-POWERED SUBMARINE LEAVES FOR HER TRIALS: The United States Navy's Submarine *Nautilus* is seen proceeding down the Thames River, at Groton, Connecticut, during her first trip. Within a few minutes of leaving her dockyard, the submarine's commander, E. Wilkinson, cabled the message: "Under weigh on nuclear power." The nuclear reactor is situated just aft of the conning-tower, and the engine-room is behind this. The submarine did not submerge during her first trials.

Although the atomic motor of the *Nautilus* had already been successfully tested while the submarine was secured to a pier, all observers were impressed with the smooth manner in which she got under weigh when starting for her sea trials. After leaving the General Dynamics Corporation's dock at Groton, on the River Thames, where she was launched, the *Nautilus* moved sedately to the middle of the river and steamed at about 12 knots for Long Island Sound, where the first tests were to be made. She was flanked by patrol boats, which warned off any ship which came too close. The banks of the river were lined with dockyard workers and planes flew overhead as the submarine started on her maiden trip. On board were some 170 people, comprising over 100 crew members and 65 civilian technicians and observers.

The *Nautilus*, of 3,000 tons, is the first of a proposed fleet of seven atomic-powered submarines, and cost over £10,000,000 to build. It is claimed that her atomic reactor, which is used to generate steam for the turbine engines, could carry her around the world without refuelling. She could also cross the Atlantic at full speed without surfacing. Should the atomic reactor fail, the *Nautilus* is equipped with conventional electric and Diesel engines.

A UNITED STATES NAVAL HELICOPTER PROVIDES AN ESCORT FOR THE "NAUTILUS": The simple outline of the vessel can be seen in this picture. Although newspaper correspondents were allowed to follow the submarine down the river as she left, they were not permitted to witness the actual handling tests. The *Nautilus* carried many civilian observers in addition to her normal crew.

"OKLAHOMA" HAS ITS OWN SUBMARINE: This two-man submarine, which has been built at Oklahoma City for commercial uses, is seen in the waters of Lake Texoma, where several unsuccessful trial runs were held recently. *On left*—The submarine appears like some mule-eared monster from the deep in this head-on view. The large pincers are designed to pick objects from the bottom of seas, rivers or lakes. The *RX-101*, as the craft has been named, is electrically operated. On its first run it was submerged to a depth of 12 ft., but unexpectedly bobbed to the surface again and tipped on to its side. After a few more technical hitches, the designer said that he would make some adjustments before carrying out further trials.

A CONTROVERSIAL EXTENSION TO SYDNEY'S EASTERN SUBURBS RAILWAY: The elevated portion at Circular Quay of the new electric railway being built in Sydney, together with the site of the new station. This particular part of the new railway project has been under severe criticism. Many Sydney citizens fear that the viaduct will be unsightly, and that "Circular Quay will become Sydney's greatest eyesore." It is from the quay that many ferries leave on their trips to all parts of the harbour.

MODERN ARCHITECTURE FOR A NEW LIBRARY: The recently completed Public Library in the North Shore suburb of Lindfield. The building is airy, but also provides ample shade.

SYDNEY EXPANDS

New Bridges and an Additional Electric Railway are Accompanying a Great Building Programme in what is Already Australia's Largest City

For more than five years Sydney, the capital of New South Wales and the largest city in Australia, has been undergoing gradual but decisive changes. Both in the centre of the city and in the suburbs great new building projects are being realized. The accent of the architects is on clean, attractive modern lines, with pleasing colour schemes and ample regard for the needs of the citizen in the torrid summer heat. A feature of the building programmes is that commercial centres are being established in the North Sydney suburbs, thus taking some of the load off the already overburdened centre of Sydney. To keep pace with these building developments, the Sydney City Council has taken care to ensure that transport facilities are also improved. Two bridges are being widened so as to allow traffic to flow smoothly in four lanes, as compared with the bottlenecks which have hitherto been a feature of traffic across the harbour. But perhaps the most far-reaching scheme is the new underground railway, which is to be an additional link between the city and the suburbs. Work has been slow on what is destined to be the "best electric railway in the world," and there has been great controversy over the sightliness of the railway's overhead sections. Nevertheless, it is an outstanding example of the spirit of expansion which is sweeping Sydney.

A NEW BRIDGE TO HELP TRAFFIC RUN MORE SMOOTHLY: The Iron Cove Bridge being built at Drummoyne. It will be 61 ft. wide, as compared with the width of 21 ft. of the old bridge, and there will be four traffic lanes along its length of 1,536 ft.

THE TREND OF MODERN DESIGN: A suburban insurance company's branch office in South Sydney. This newly erected building is typical of the trend of modern design which architects are now putting into effect in the reconstruction of Sydney.

SIBLY THE NUCLEUS OF A GREAT NEW COMMERCIAL CENTRE: This imposing-looking building in Miller Street, North Sydney, is the first important new business house to be erected in this suburb. It is possible that it will become the centre of a greatly expanded commercial sector of the suburb.

On right—REACHING FOR THE SKY IN THE CITY CENTRE: A new office block in the course of construction in Sydney is Berger House, in Elizabeth Street. When completed, this building will be fourteen storeys high. Among the other reconstruction projects in Sydney is the building of a new swimming-pool.

Y BRIDGE IS UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN SYDNEY'S MIDDLE HARBOUR: Work in progress on the new Spit Bridge, which crosses Sydney Middle Harbour at The Spit. The present bridge, which is very narrow, has for some time been a troublesome bottleneck, causing great traffic congestion, especially at week-ends. The new bridge was due for completion last August, but industrial disputes have delayed the work on it. The contractors for the bridge are an English engineering firm from Darlington.

The Home News in Pictures

FROM LONDON AND THE COUNTIES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN PICTURES

On left—

THE ROYAL YACHT LEAVES FOR THE CARIBBEAN: The *Britannia*, which will carry Princess Margaret on her tour of the West Indies, is seen steaming out of Portsmouth Harbour. In the foreground is the Guard of Honour made up of men from H.M.S. *Dolphin*, the submarine base at Gosport. Princess Margaret will board the Royal Yacht at Trinidad on February 1. From Trinidad, the Princess, who is due to leave this country by air on Monday, January 31, will sail through the Caribbean, and among the places she will visit are Barbados, Antigua, St. Kitt's and Jamaica. She is expected to leave Nassau by air for this country on March

A SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING ON THE FENS: A general view of skaters at Bury Fen, near Earith, in Huntingdonshire. The National Skating Association, Fen Department, opened the racing programme with the Amateur Championship of the Fens for the Ralph Moore Cup. The contest is confined to residents within 40 miles of March and is over a course of 1¼ miles distance. The winner was the holder, G. Beba, of Whaplode. His time was 5 mins. 16.4 secs.

THE SALMON SEASON OPENS ON LOCH TAY: The annual ceremony for the start of the salmon-fishing season takes place on the shores of the loch in Perthshire. To the pipe accompaniment, a bottle of whisky is broken over the bow of one of the fishing-boats. In these vessels hardy anglers go out in all weathers and will sit for hours unperturbed by snow or sl

On right—

A SCHOOL OF THE FUTURE: The buildings of the new Dick Sheppard School adjoining Brockwell Park are nearing completion at Tulse Hill, in South London. They stand in 5 acres of ground and will be finished next year. In external appearance the buildings have been compared with a group of giant matchboxes of glass and concrete, standing on their sides. The number of pupils will be 960, all girls. The cost of the buildings is estimated to be in the region of £309,000. In this picture the administrative block is on the left, the kitchen and dining-room are in the centre rear, and class-rooms in the centre foreground and on the right. The school is named after the famous Canon, "Dick" Sheppard, who for a long time was associated with St. Martin's-in-the-Fields Church.

HIBERNATING HERCULES ? : These pictures show two stages in cocooning a Bristol Hercules aero-engine. *On the left* a workman at the Filton Works of the Bristol company is seen spraying "candy floss" around the vulnerable parts of the engine. All corners and high points have been padded, and the framework of tapes acts as a base for the actual cocooning material. *On the right* is the engine, complete with the final plastic covering. The small window near the top contains a humidity indicator. Although the plastic covering is only one-twenty-fifth of an inch thick, engines treated in this way can be stored in the open for up to two years.

FINAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE NEW BRITISH KANCHENJUNGA EXPEDITION : This spring the south-westerly face of the highest unclimbed mountain in the world is to be reconnoitred. The members of this expedition to the Himalayas met in a hotel in Snowdonia, in Wales, to discuss their final plans. From the left they are—Mr. G. C. Band, Dr. J. Clegg, Mr. Charles Evans (Leader), Mr. T. McKinnon, Mr. A. W. Bridge, Mr. N. D. Hardie, Mr. J. Brown, Mr. D. Fisher, Mr. J. N. Mather, Mr. J. Jackson, Mr. A. Streather. Mr. Bridge and Mr. Fisher are not travelling with the expedition. Kanchenjunga is the third highest mountain in the world and is out-topped only by Everest and K.2, in the Himalayas. For sixty years attempts have been made to conquer this mountain. The 1955 expedition will presumably follow the route of John Kempe's party last summer up the Yalung Glacier. If this reconnaissance is successful, the long and difficult climb to the summit may be attempted.

AIN SMASH IN YORKSHIRE : This was the scene at New Oaks Junction, near Barnsley, after a passenger train, travelling from Penistone to Doncaster, had collided with the rear of a goods train. Several of the goods trucks were smashed and more were derailed, but the fourteen passengers travelling in the other train escaped with a shaking. The line was blocked and buses took passengers to their destinations.

A TIP-UP LORRY IN LONDON : The lorry, carrying a load of timber, is propped against a wall after it had skidded on the icy surface in Queen Victoria Street. Its near-side wheels struck the kerb, and it heeled over. The treacherous roads caused many other motoring accidents in other parts of the country.

NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR PAKISTAN ARRIVES AT VICTORIA STATION IN LONDON : Mr. Mohammed Ikramullah is seen with his wife, the Begum Shaista, and their four children. Mr. Ikramullah, who is fifty-one years old, was at Trinity College, Cambridge, and before taking up his present appointment was the Pakistani Ambassador to France. Previously he had been Pakistani High Commissioner in Canada.

THE BALTIC EXCHANGE IN LONDON IS TURNED INTO A TELEVISION STUDIO : Members of the Exchange go about their normal business, while technicians and cameramen are busy recording the activity. The film is to be shown on February 4 in the series "London Town in the City."

"CHRISTCHURCH SALMON"

At Mudeford Generations of Fishermen have Netted Salmon in Christchurch Harbour

A CENTURIES-OLD FISHERY: For hundreds of years the men of Mudeford, on the spit at the mouth of Christchurch Harbour, in Hampshire, have engaged in netting the famous Christchurch salmon. The season runs from February to July. *On left*—A fish is disentangled from the meshes. It will be killed at once by a sharp blow on the head. *On right*—The tide washes the net into a long "U" as it is hauled in. In the background are the picturesque dwellings and inn of Mudeford.

A FAMILY BUSINESS: The Mudeford salmon netting is largely in the hands of two families. *On left*—Three generations of the Strides haul in a catch. *Above*—Ralph Derham brings ashore a fine salmon. *On right*—Norman Derham, his son, unloads a seven-pounder. Fishing takes place for four hours on the ebb-tide.

THE FISHING CRAFT ARE SPECIAL PUNTS: They are built at Christchurch for use in the shallow waters of the harbour. *On left*—A fisherman sets out across the wide waters. At the stern of the punt is a platform on which the 190-yard-long net is stowed. In the far distance rises the tower of Christchurch Priory. *On right*—A net is restowed after being emptied of its catch. A netting crew consists of three, or possibly four men. The maintenance of their gear requires hours of work.

The rivers Stour and Wiltshire Avon converge on the coast of Hampshire beneath the walls of the ancient Priory of Christchurch. From there they flow through the wide harbour to the narrow neck or "Run" at Mudeford, which is the outlet to Christchurch Bay and the Solent. Hengistbury Head rises to protect the south side of the harbour, and although its name has no association with the Saxon invader, there is much of English history and tradition in this quiet corner of Hampshire. The small cluster of picturesque dwellings, with an old inn, on the sandspit at Mudeford has been the centre of a fishery from times immemorial. Here the men net the famous Christchurch salmon as they start up-stream to spawn. The netting season is from February to the end of July.

The salmon run on the ebb-tide. The fishers go out in punts which are specially built for them in Christchurch. At each stern is a platform on which is stowed a 190-yard-long net. The boats are rowed in wide sweeps for the nets to be "shot" into the water. The ends are held and hauled laboriously in. The operation may be repeated many times before the welcome flash of struggling silver is seen in the meshes. There is a wide variation in each season's harvest. The annual "take" can be as many as 800 or as few as 55. Another marked variation is in the fishes' weights. At present the average is 12 lb. This fishery is largely in the hands of two families—the Derhams and the Strides—who have followed their calling for generations. Out of the season the men of Mudeford have other activities, such as fishing and trawling in the Solent and maintaining their salmon gear. And in summer many holidaymakers enjoy the tranquil beauty of the Hampshire coast from boat trips between Christchurch and Mudeford.

FIVE HUNDRED GUESTS ATTEND THE INTERNATIONAL BURNS FESTIVAL DINNER IN AYR: A general view of the scene in the Heads of Ayr Hotel last week, where the guests at the Festival dinner included visitors from abroad, among them Samuel Marshak, the sixty-eight-year-old translator of Burns' poems into Russian. "The Immortal Memory" was proposed by Mr. Thomas Johnston, Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen. Another speaker was Mr. Leonard Brockington, Rector of Queen's University, Canada. This year the dinner was televised for the first time.

IN HONOUR OF BURNS

Tributes to Scotland's National Bard at the International Burns Festival Dinner in Ayr; and Some of the Guests from Overseas

More than 500 guests at the International Burns Festival Dinner in Ayr last week witnessed the traditional piping-in of the haggis and heard tributes to Scotland's National Bard from one of that country's leading public figures and from a distinguished Canadian visitor. Among the guests were representatives from nineteen countries, including the United States, Russia and Japan. Heading the delegation from the Soviet Union was Mr. Samuel Marshak, who has translated Burns into Russian, and who has been awarded two Stalin prizes for his literary work. The impression made by the occasion on Mr. Marshak was evidenced by his remark to the pipe-major: "That music is as good as the soul of your country." And in the pipe-major's reply was all the sturdy and forthright national pride of the Scot: "It *is* the soul of our country."

The "Hamely fare" of the menu included a choice of "kail-pot o' Auld Ayr" or "soupe ye can see through," followed by caller fishes and then by the haggis, the "Great Chieftain o' the Puddin' Race," as Robert Burns once called it. The toast of "Oor Queen" was proposed by Mr. A. Wilson Boyle, President of the Burns Federation, and then this was followed by "the Immortal Memory," proposed by Mr. Thomas Johnston, Chancellor of the University of Aberdeen and Chairman of the Scottish Tourist Board. He said there were two men above all others to whom Scotland owed to-day her national consciousness, the preservation of her distinctive culture, her songs, her language, and her pride and place in the world. One of these men was a south-eastern border sheriff, the other a south-west country peasant farmer and gauger. The sheriff, Sir Walter Scott, had preserved much of their history and romance. The Ayrshire peasant, Robert Burns, "rescued our speech from threatened oblivion and in enshrining in immortal song and deathless rhyme in our vernacular, he preserved the vehicle in which, generation after generation down the years, the spirit and passion of our nationhood is preserved."

Describing the function as "the most cheerful and harmonious session of the United Nations Assembly I have ever attended," Mr. Brockington, a Welsh-born Queen's Counsel from Canada, said that Burns was at his greatest when he spoke plain Scots—just as Scotland was at her greatest when she was plain Scots.

Earlier in the Festival a service was held in the Auld Kirk of Ayr; visitors made coach tours to places of interest connected with the life of Robert Burns, and wreaths were laid at the Burns statue.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS AT THE DINNER: They are admiring the haggis, which was referred to in a speech by Mr. Jameson Clark as "Great Chieftain o' the Puddin' Race." From left are: Mr. Thomas Johnston; Mr. A. Wilson Boyle, President of the Burns Federation; Mr. Jameson Clark; Mr. Leonard Brockington and Mrs. Thomas Johnston.

A TRIBUTE BY THE RUSSIAN DELEGATION: They laid a wreath of white, pink and red carnations on behalf of the writers of the Soviet Union, at the Burns Statue in Ayr, during the Festival. From left are: Mr. Marshak, Jnr.; Mr. A. Wilson Boyle; Madame Listratova; Mr. Samuel Marshak; the Rev. Archibald Mackenzie, President of the Ayr Burns' Club, and Mr. Boris Polevoi. Mr. Marshak, addressing the crowd gathered at the statue, expressed his pleasure at being present at the Festival.

On right—

VISITORS FROM THE EAST: Mrs. Ranjitham Aaron and Professor Hiroshi Mitzuta watch chef Tom Hendry, of Edinburgh, as he gives the haggis a final inspection before its ceremonial entry. It was Mrs. Aaron who replied to the toast of "The Lasses," proposed by Mr. J. Bannerman.

THE WORLD'S STRANGEST AIRCRAFT—A NEW PICTURE OF THE ROLLS-ROYCE VERTICAL TAKE-OFF MACHINE: This three-quarter view of the "Flying Bedstead," as the aircraft has been unofficially named, has just been released in connection with a newsreel film. The view shows more clearly than the earlier picture the compactness of the design.

On right—

AIRBORNE AND UNDER PERFECT CONTROL: The two Rolls-Royce Nene engines, which supply the thrust, can be seen at each end of the machine. Beyond these protrude the compressed-air pipes, so important in controlling the aircraft.

TESTING THE "FLYING BEDSTEAD"

New Pictures of a Remarkable and Unorthodox Aircraft

A visit to London Airport or to any fighter station to see the many hundreds of acres of arable land covered by concrete runways will show why a handful of designers have turned their attention to vertical take-off aircraft. As aeroplanes are designed to fly faster, so their landing and take-off runs become longer, and we are fast approaching the practical and economic limits to the length of runways. The Rolls-Royce vertical take-off aircraft is evidence that British aerodynamicists are not lagging in this field of research. Indeed, the "Flying Bedstead" is probably the most promising basis in the world from which a jet-propelled vertical take-off aeroplane of practical proportions could be built.

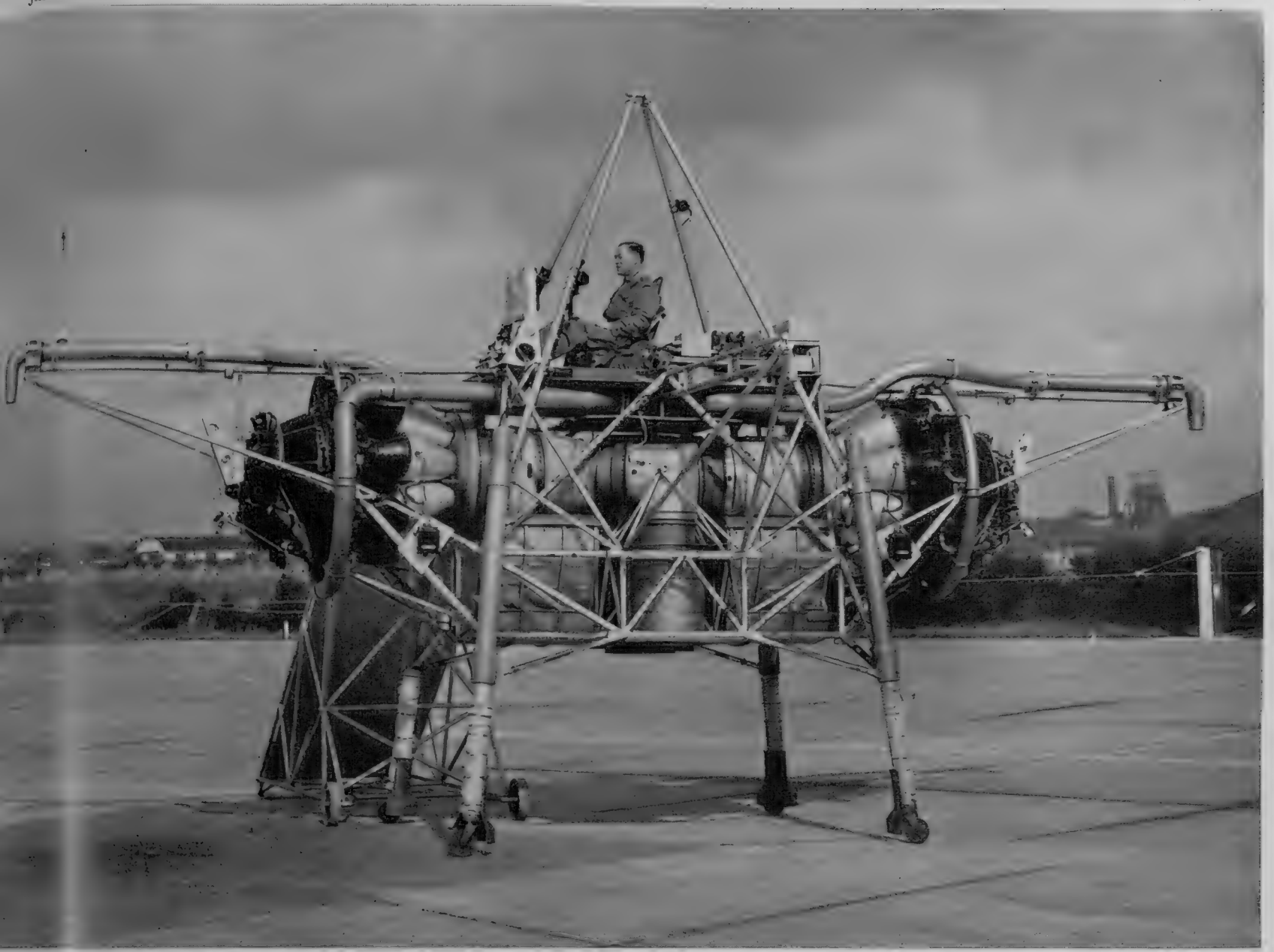
It has been obvious for a long time that an aeroplane fitted with jet engines which provide more thrust than the aeroplane's weight would be able to rise vertically. The difficulty has been in controlling the movements of such a machine. In the "Flying Bedstead" control is by the two compressed-air pipes which project fore and aft.

This special control system was developed by the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, and is worked by a normal control column and rudder bar.

It is probable that the V.T.O. principle embodied in the "Flying Bedstead" will be used on aircraft relying solely on jet flight, but on winged planes. For take-off the aircraft would be horizontal, but the jets would be pointing downwards. Once a safe height, the jet thrust would be directed towards the rear and the aircraft would fly normally, obtaining lift from the wings. When landing the procedure would be reversed. Some idea of the shape of things to come in this field was given in THE SPHERE of October 9 last year.

Before all this can be brought about difficulties have to be smoothed out. For instance, the noise made by the "Flying Bedstead" would never be tolerated at a civil airport, and the rate at which the jet engines burn fuel is quite fantastic. The longest duration of any flight given to date is ten minutes. The greatest difficulty of all is that engines in common use to-day would have to be built to an abnormally large size to provide sufficient thrust to lift a large airliner. The diminutive but powerful Rolls-Royce Soar engine, demonstrated at Farnborough last year, shows that steps are being taken in the right direction. A number of Rolls-Royce Avon jet engines, which have a high thrust-weight-ratio, are being supplied to the Ryan Company in America. These will power prototypes of a V.T.O. fighter being built there.

From the many flights made by the V.T.O. aircraft, Rolls-Royce must now be aware not only of the problems posed by vertical take-off, but also of the ways in which these difficulties may be overcome.



TEST PILOT AND HIS WEIRD CHARGE—CAPTAIN R. T. SHEPHERD ON THE VERTICAL TAKE-OFF MACHINE: On the far side is a ladder which enables him to reach his elevated position. This picture shows that the nickname "Flying Bedstead" is well deserved. Although at first glance the struts seem numerous, every one has a purpose to fulfil. The aircraft has been given special dispensation by the Air Ministry to fly without an Air Registration Board identification number, as there is nowhere to put this.

PRIVILEGED SPECTATORS AT THE ROLLS-ROYCE FLIGHT ESTABLISHMENT AT HUCKNALL, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE: One member of the party finds it necessary to block his ears against the deafening roar of the two engines. The noise made by this type of aircraft is one of the problems to be overcome now that the machine has proved it can fly under full control. The first flights were made with the aircraft tethered, in case of mishap, but many free flights have now been made up to a height of 25 ft.

The Sphere of Travel

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN CARINTHIA AND STYRIA

Some Suggestions for Pleasant Holidays in the Lesser-known Parts of Austria

By GORDON COOPER

THE ever-increasing stream—in some cases it is a flood—of tourists from many lands into Austria has lessened the appeal of certain districts and centres for the discriminating holiday-maker who seeks to escape for a while from the mass invasion of "package-tour" trippers. Fortunately, there are considerable areas in this delightful land which still remain almost unknown, such as Styria, the "Green Province," with its mighty mountains and luxuriant forests, and Carinthia, with its lakes and mountains. It is true that the latter province has recently become popular with some Britons, but as their goals are usually restricted to only a few resorts, it is not difficult to find other delightful spots where English is rarely spoken, and the roads are not clogged with motor-coaches and cars.

Neither of these two provinces is difficult to reach, for there is a direct air service (K.L.M.) between London and Klagenfurt (Carinthia), and main expresses from Ostend and the Hook traverse both Carinthia and Styria. Your travel agent can give you the latest information on this matter. It is also worth mentioning that prices are considerably lower there, especially in Styria, where one can often get comfortable accommodation, with meals, for considerably less than £1 a day.

The main feature of Carinthia is its warm-water lakes where, regardless of climatic conditions elsewhere in Europe, you can swim, sun yourself and engage in various aquatic sports from May to October. The Wörthersee, largest and most popular of the Carinthian lakes, is, in fact, one of the warmest stretches of water in Central Europe. In the summer, for example, the water temperature rises above 80 degrees Fahrenheit. The three major resorts at this lake are Velden, Pörtschach and Maria-Wörth. All are delightful: Velden being distinctly fashionable—it even has a gambling casino—while my own preference is for Pörtschach. Maria-Wörth is, however, quite small, but has an exquisite situation. In the two larger resorts there is a wide range of accommodation.

Second in importance among the lakes is the Millstättersee, which is also second in size. Its chief resort is Millstatt, so called from its Roman name of *Mille Statuæ*, the legend being that these thousand statues stood in a pagan pantheon from which they were hurled into the lake by Domitian, a Frankish knight who lived in the days of Charlemagne and came to impose Christianity on the heathen people of Carinthia.

Millstatt is a quieter resort than either Velden or Pörtschach, but it will appeal to those who seek a reasonably quiet holiday in a comfortable hotel. It is quite easily reached by bus service from Spittal, a stopping-place for expresses on the main railway. Spittal itself merits inspection, for in its Schloss you see a veritable gem of the Italian Renaissance.

There are several smaller lakes in Carinthia, four of which seems to me to be particularly appealing to those people seeking a quiet holiday right away from crowds. They are the Ossiachersee, Weissensee, Faakersee and Presseggersee.

At Ossiach, on the Ossiachersee, there is one of the most delightful, simple-type hotels in Austria—the Pension Ritter. It is housed in part of a former Benedictine monastery, which also contains an ancient Abbey church, with fine baroque ornamentation.

More luxurious accommodation is available on the Kanzelhoehe, a rock rising steeply some 3,000 ft. above the Ossiachersee, which is reached by cable railway. This spot is said to have the longest hours of sunshine throughout the year in Central Europe, and from it there is a wonderful view of the Carinthian lakes, besides various Alpine peaks. Provided you can stand the height (nearly 5,000 ft. above sea-level), this is an excellent place for a holiday, with easy walks available on the broad ridge of the Kanzelhoehe.

The Weissensee is the highest of the Carinthian lakes, for it lies at an altitude of 3,000 ft. You get there by train from Villach to Greifenburg, thence by bus to Neusach, its only resort, and a tiny one at that. The lake's eastern end is hemmed in by steep cliffs, but the landscape is glorious; and despite the altitude, the waters are quite warm and fish abundant. There are a couple of pleasant hotels. I would especially recommend this spot for a rest-cure holiday.

The Faakersee, within easy reach of Velden and Villach, is surrounded by shady woods and green meadows, with high mountains in the background. On a small island in the centre of the lake there is one of Carinthia's most delightful hotels—the Insel. Its popularity, however, is such that accommodation is not usually easy to get. Still, it is worth trying, especially as the cuisine is first-class.

I would recommend the Presseggersee, with its single hotel, for those seeking solitude. It is a good centre for walks, including an easy climb up the Gartnerkofel. Pressegger is reached by a branch railway from Villach.

Klagenfurt, the provincial capital, merits a brief visit. It has a museum noted for its collection of Roman antiquities, collected for the most part from near-by Virunum and Magdalensburg, both sites of outstanding archæological importance. In the main square is one of Europe's strangest fountains: a monstrous winged dragon, from whose gaping mouth water spouts at a giant Hercules, the legendary hero who slayed the beast, thus enabling the first settlement to be built. And I would mention the memorial tablet at the post office to one Emmanuel Hermann, a local citizen who in 1869 invented the picture postcard.

Within reasonable reach of Klagenfurt is Maria-Saal, where there is a fine fifteenth-century fortified church, a famous place of pilgrimage. Dominating this countryside is Hochosterwitz, the castle of the Khevenhuller family. Perched on a high crag, it can be reached, on foot, after passing through fourteen turreted gateways and over three drawbridges.

The main road now leads on to Friesach, a delectable little walled town surrounded by a moat. It is, perhaps, the only walled and moated town in Europe, and it is a place in which you must linger awhile if you would wish to recapture its spirit, for in the past it has seen great events.

From Klagenfurt you can travel along the fine new motor-road, the Packstrasse, to Graz, the Styrian capital and Austria's second largest city. Girdled with hills, it may lack the grandeur of conception and the open spaces of Salzburg, to which it has a resemblance, but it has a very real charm of its own. With its quaintly winding, narrow streets, Renaissance courtyards wreathed around with arcades, fine burghers' houses and modern streets, this city has much of interest to offer the visitor. There is the tree-covered Schlossberg rising steeply in the centre of the town, a conspicuous feature on its summit being the clock tower.

Most attractive is the Hauptplatz, the main square with its lovely medieval houses. Near by is the Krebenskeller, an old restaurant, with a cobble-stoned courtyard where you can eat well in typical environment; and there is also a very charming Landhaus, with flowered balconies, arcaded courtyard and an exquisite fountain. Adjoining this building is a famous armoury which contains in perfect condition the arms and equipm for 3,000 men, 28,000 pieces in all. These were sta ready for the medieval warriors of Styria, who wer bulwark of Europe against the invading Turk.

A Gothic cathedral, a curious double-spiral st case in the Burg, and the Joanneum, the provin museum, are other important sights.

While Graz is an ideal walking centre, yet I wo prefer to recommend the countryside whic lies in northern part of the province and the Styr Alps. At the eastern end is Mariazell, a lovely l town and famous place of pilgrimage. I lodged m comfortably in the typical Goldene Krone, but if longer stay I would prefer the entirely rural H Marienwasserfall at Grunau (four miles from Maria whose proprietor is a first-class chef and where inclusive daily terms are about 12s. The visitor also get good fishing and deer-shooting.

Running westwards from Mariazell is the lo Salza Valley, where tourists are few and far bet At the tiny village of Wildalpen there is the Alp hotel Kraft, which I can recommend. This is excellent spot for trout-fishing, and it is also famed for chamois. A more spectacular spot, perhaps, is Gstat boden, where the mountainous count side is extremely wild, while the catara of the River Enns are as imposing as a in Europe. The modern Hotel Ges lies beside a halt on the railway wh traverses this valley.

Emerging at the western end of t Gesäuse Valley brings one to Admo where the library of the Benedict monastery is an outstanding s Admont itself is a good holiday cen Then, in the north-western corner Styria, which forms part of the S kammergut, there is the fashiona resort of Bad Aussee, while within e reach are the lakeside resorts of A Aussee (Hotel Am See recommended) Grundlsee (Gasthof Zur Post).

For those who like to get right off beaten tourist track there is an opp tunity to take part in a well-plann conducted riding holiday which covers eastern part of Carinthia. The cost the tour is 86 gns., and it is organised Centaur Tours, whose booking agents Wakefield Fortune Ltd., 32, Shaftesb Avenue, London, W.1.

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL VILLAGES IN STYRIA: Purgg lies at the foot of Grimming, a mountain which dominates the surrounding countryside. St. John's Chapel in this medieval village contains good twelfth-century fresc

A RIVERSIDE TOWN NEAR GRAZ: A view of Voitsberg, in Styria, showing houses overhanging the river bank. Graz, the capital of the province, is an ideal walking centre.

USEFUL ADDRESSES.

Austrian State Tourist Department, 49, D Street, London, W.1.

F. and W. Ingham Ltd., 143, *New Bond St* London, W.1.

Erna Low, 47, *Old Brompton Road*, London, S.

COUNTY DOWN

The County in Northern Ireland with an Attractive Coastline, which is Dominated by the Mourne Mountains

Written and Illustrated by J. Allan Cash

THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE SWEEP DOWN TO THE SEA: A view of the popular seaside town of Newcastle he bay, with the slopes of the Mourne Mountains beyond stretching down to the Irish Sea. Newcastle lies almost in the shadow of Slieve Donard, the highest peak in the Mourne Mountains.

ONE OF THE PICTURESQUE FISHING VILLAGES ALONG THE COAST OF COUNTY DOWN: The harbour of Annalong, not far from Newcastle. Never very far away are the Mourne Mountains, which can be seen in the distance.

ED CASTLE AT THE SOUTHERN HE COUNTY: Greencastle, which d at Carlingford Lough. The ow in ruins, but once it guarded nce to this long inlet in the County Down, not far from Eire.

On right—
SOME OF THE BEST FISHING COUNTRY IN IRELAND: A view towards the Mourne Mountains looking across the Bann Valley. The River Bann is one of the most famous salmon rivers in the whole of Ireland.

EST AND MOST POPULAR OF THE CARINTHIAN LAKES: Dotted at frequent vals along the wooded banks of this stretch of the 10½-mile-long Wörthersee country houses with their gardens stretching down to the water's edge.

Not only has County Down a most attractive seacoast, with sandy beaches, rocky coves and quaint little fishing harbours, but the interior is blessed with some of the loveliest scenery in Ireland, including the famous Mountains of Mourne. It is a rich agricultural county, with many a view of rolling chequer-board countryside, numerous rivers and streams, and comfortable, whitewashed farmhouses.

One of the six counties of Northern Ireland, County Down lies south of Belfast, reaching as far as the boundary with Eire on Carlingford Lough. Its eastern border is the Irish Sea, while in the west it meets County Armagh. Much of Ireland's flax is grown in this county, and you will come across linen mills in little country towns, or sometimes right out in the country, often in the most beautiful situations. They will always be on a river, and the workers often fish for salmon during their lunch hour.

The coastline of County Down begins virtually at Belfast and runs along the south shore of Belfast Lough. Near the corner is Bangor, a well-developed seaside resort, with a busy little harbour and a long, sandy bathing beach. Facing the open sea, round the corner, are a number of picturesque little fishing villages, the first being Donaghadee.

To the south lies the Ards Peninsula, a long, narrow tongue of land. You cannot take a car over the narrow entrance to Strangford Lough at Portaferry, near the southern tip, but it is well worth driving down to there and then up the eastern shore of the Lough. This is a vast area of water dotted with islands, and a great place for sailing. Through the narrow entrance from the sea the tide races in and out at a fearful pace, making it a highly dangerous stretch of water. It is calculated that 400,000,000 tons of water rush past into the Lough, and out again, twice every day.

To reach the coast beyond Strangford Lough you must go to Downpatrick, where St. Patrick landed in A.D. 432. From there you go past Ardglass, with its very good golf course and the miles of sandy beaches all the way round Dundrum Bay to Newcastle. It is near Newcastle that "the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea," and, in fact, this popular seaside resort, with its big hotel and superb golf course, lies almost in the shadow of Slieve Donard, the highest of the Mourne Mountains, standing nearly 3,000 ft. above the sea.

There is a magnificent road running round the coast here at the foot of the mountains. To go off the main road a short way down to the harbours of Annalong and Kilkeel, and look back across the water, through the rigging of the fishing-boats to the Mourne Mountains, provides an unforgettable experience.

At the southern point we come to Carlingford Lough and Greencastle. A picturesque road runs all round the mountains inland, and one can traverse the rich hill country towards Bannbridge, along Bann Vale. The River Bann, one of the most famous salmon rivers in Ireland, rises in the Mournes and makes its way into Lough Neagh, and thence into the sea far to the north, near Coleraine, in County Antrim

One feature of County Down that will be quickly noticed is the whitewashed gate-posts. They are often very substantially built of stone, and it is not only the gate-posts leading into farms but also those to fields which are kept so dazzlingly white. They form a striking picture in this green countryside, together with the little white farmhouses dotted everywhere in this very attractive part of Ireland.

THE MONTE CARLO RALLY

This Year in Gruelling Conditions it was a Triumph for British Cars, which Pulled off a "Treble" in Prizes

Snow, ice, rain, fogs and floods on the roads from ma of the starting points made the conditions of t year's Monte Carlo Rally the "hardest ever" or, some competitors put it, an "Arctic cruise." But fr these gruelling hazards British cars emerged with f prizes.

The winners were a Norwegian team from Oslo i Sunbeam-Talbot 2½-litre saloon. The drivers w P. Malling and G. Fadum, who had started in 64 degs. heavy frost from their home town. British women i British car—another Sunbeam—won the Coupe d Dames. They were Miss Sheila Van Damm, Mrs. A Hall and Mrs. Francoise Clarke. Miss Van Damm a director of the Windmill Theatre, in London. Bo her companions have families. The team prize nominated cars went to three Jaguars, driven by M Appleyard, Ronald Adams and Cecil Vard. Besi this, the prize for the three best cars of the same ma irrespective of categories, was awarded to Sunbeam, a the class two prize for over 2,000 cc. to Aston-Mart In the list of overall placings Sunbeams were first a ninth, a Ford fourth, an Aston-Martin seventh, and Jaguar eighth. So altogether British motor engineer manufacturers and drivers added much to their alre high reputation.

The winners were private entrants, Malling is officer in the Oslo police force and Fadum owns a bak business. Their victory shows that the race need be regarded as an event only for profes ionals. Th success also justifies the policy of the Rootes Gro who have consistently embodied in their standard the lessons learnt from previous rallies and thus sh that a private owner can compete against a works te

THE START IN GLASGOW: This picture shows some of the entrants in this year's Monte Carlo Rally at the starting point in Blythswood Square. Ninety-six competitors set out from Glasgow. This year's Rally was a triumph for British cars. A Sunbeam-Talbot, driven by Norwegians, was the winner, a team of British women in another Sunbeam-Talbot won the Ladies' Cup, and the team prize went to Jaguars. An Aston Martin took the class award for over 2,000 cc.

On left—
BAD WEATHER ADDS TO THE TESTS: Ice and snow lay on the roads over which the competitors from Glasgow drove at the beginning of their 2,000 miles test. Here G. R. Holt's M.G. (No. 49) leads the field over Fenwick Moor, outside Glasgow.

On right—
OFF FROM MUNICH: Count Sandizell, the President of the German Automobile Club, is flagging the Porsche driven by two Danes, Rudolf Rottbol-Orum and L. Schnackenburg. Among other starters from Munich was the British team who won the Ladies' Cup.

THE WEATHER SMILED ON STARTERS FROM ATHENS: It was one of the very few starting points at which the entrants set out in sunny conditions. Among them was one British competitor, Mr. Mortimer Goodall, driving an Austin Ninety. In the background is the Acropolis.

A CHECK-POINT IN BRUSSELS: In Belgium and France certain of the ro were in an extremely dangerous condition owing to a combination ice and snow. Inevitably, this weather took its toll of the competito

THE BRITISH TEAM WHICH WON THE LADIES' CUP : They arrived ahead of time through the snows on the road above Frankfurt-on-Main, in West Germany. Miss Sheila Van Damm (on right) is pointing the route to her co-drivers, Mrs. Ann Hall and Mrs. Francoise Clarke. Their car is a Sunbeam-Talbot. Miss Van Damm was the European Rally Champion last year. Aged thirty-two, she is a director of the Windmill Theatre, in London, and lives at Angmering-on-Sea, Sussex. Mrs. Hall comes from Huddersfield, in Yorkshire, and has three children. Mrs. Clarke, the mother of a sixteen-year-old boy, is from Lutterworth, Staffordshire. They are the first team of British women to win the Ladies' Cup for twenty-two years. After the finish Miss Van Damm said she believed that two was their lucky number. Besides the twenty-two years' interval, their car was numbered 222 and they did their best run on January 22.

ON THE COL DE ST. JEAN : The hazard of the climb on this twisting road was greatly increased by the snow and ice. The captain of the Sunbeam team, Norman Garrod, of Coventry, is seen in his car on one of the bends.

On left—

"THE HARDEST DRIVE EVER" : This was how the competitors who started from Glasgow described their experiences when they reached the control point in Paris, seen here. They had come via Dover, Boulogne, Lille, Liège, Amsterdam, The Hague, Brussels and Rheims. Five of the ninety-six starters had dropped out owing to snow, ice, rain, fogs and flood.

Below—

THE WINNERS ON THEIR WAY THROUGH FRANCE : P. Malling and G. Fadum, of Norway, won the overall prize in a 2½-litre Sunbeam-Talbot saloon. There were five British cars in the leading ten finishers—two Sunbeams and three Jaguars. The Jaguars won the team prize for nominated cars. The Norwegians were private entrants. Malling is head of a department of the Oslo police and Fadum runs a bakery business. They proved that the Rally need not be regarded as only for professional drivers.

FIRST HOME : The first car to cross the finishing line at Monte Carlo in this year's rally was a British M.G. The drivers were John C. Nairne and W. L. Burnett, of Glasgow. The course from start to finish is about 2,000 miles.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

"A BIOGRAPHICAL ENQUIRY"

This is the Sub-Title of Richard Aldington's "Lawrence of Arabia," a Book which is certain to Create a Sensation; and an Account of an "Extraordinary Journey" Along the Chinese-Tibetan Frontier

FROM time to time rows blow up in the world of the arts, drama, music and the film business which hit the headlines and provide entertainment for the rest of us who are not directly engaged in creative pursuits. In literary circles a good deal of feudin' and fussin' may go on but it is seldom that anything happens which is worthy of the front pages of the popular Press. Now, here is Mr. Richard Aldington's LAWRENCE OF ARABIA (Collins. 25s.), sub-titled "A Biographical Enquiry," which is certain to create a sensation and which will cause the book to be argued, denounced and defended for many years to come.

First of all, it should be noted that this is a formidable work of scholarship. It contains no fewer than twenty-nine pages of fine print in double columns of a "List of Sources." The bibliography lists no fewer than sixty-five items. Mr. Aldington powerfully argues his case from these sources and advances to his opinions resolutely behind that devastating barrage.

He says that he set out to write a life of Lawrence of Arabia, doubted his fitness for the task and, after pursuing his investigations for some time, abandoned the project and proceeded to this "biographical enquiry." Why? He began by being puzzled by apparent inconsistencies and contradictions in the story of Lawrence's life and finished by calling the whole thing the "Lawrence legend," attacking it by reference and cross-reference, in one of the most devastating literary exposures of modern times.

"The edifice of the Lawrence legend," he writes, "shows a fairly solid front to the uncritical reader, but once it has been examined, it is shown to be an inverted pyramid at the base of which stands Lawrence himself on whom the legend rests. No one crack in the edifice revealed the whole truth, so my research has been arduous and prolonged. As I delved deeper into the material, I found proof after proof that much of what he reported of himself—including, and especially his Arabian experiences—was heightened, exaggerated, faked, boastful and sometimes entirely without foundation."

I knew Lawrence quite well when he preferred to be addressed as "338171 A/C T. E. Shaw." (Mr. Noël Coward, who also knew him well, began a letter to him: "Dear 338171—may I call you 338?") He would turn up at unexpected times in unexpected places on a motor-bicycle and in Air Force uniform. He would never be tempted to any normal social contacts; I never saw him eat a meal nor take a drink. He always appeared to be trying desperately to avoid publicity, although someone once unkindly said that he was adept at backing into the limelight. He always talked a lot, almost incessantly, and certainly he was one of the most vital and powerful personalities I have ever known. His career in the Great War had brought him world-wide fame; the publication of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, *Revolt in the Desert*, and his translation of the *Odyssey*, had enhanced it; the changing of his name, the voluntary obscurity of his life in the ranks had added to it; the reports which dribbled out about a manuscript called *The Mint* also contributed, and the whole made up what Mr. Aldington calls the Lawrence legend.

Mr. Aldington seeks to prove that most of this legend was the deliberate creation of Lawrence himself, and that a considerable part of it is subject to question. He then goes on to enquire why so gifted a person, so outstanding a personality, so obvious a man of action and a leader of men, should have gone to these lengths to create a false saga about himself. He comes to the conclusion that, as he investigated "the strange and tortuous psychology of this extraordinary man I felt more and more convinced that some time in his early life he had been dealt a terrific blow by Fate, some humiliating and painful one which he was always trying to compensate."

The key to that he purports to find in the circumstances of Lawrence's birth and upbringing. If the facts are as Mr. Aldington reveals them, there may be something in his theory, since the life of many greater and lesser men has been irreparably affected by similar circumstances. Yet it seems strange that when Lawrence was young and society was apt to take a more generous view of such happenings, he should have been so profoundly affected.

I suppose that all this was strictly necessary, as they used to say about railway journeys during the war, but I must say that, having postulated his theory, Mr. Aldington might in places have alleviated the pressure of it on his subject and allowed him some more of what was his due in the realms of scholarship, erudition, military science and even of aquadynamics. However, these are points which I feel can be left to others more qualified to deal with them.

So much of the material on which the legend is based is hagiography; so much has been due to the skilful exuberances of that expert publicist Mr. Lowell Thomas that, in taking on the various disciples and partisans, Mr. Aldington may have felt that some of the ground could and should have been cleared by Lawrence himself. That is a point of view that might be accepted by most ordinary people, but Mr. Aldington presses it further and accuses Lawrence point blank not only of countenancing these exuberances but of positively encouraging and even assisting in their publication.

When the storm of controversy which is bound to be raised by this book has abated, and time and circumstances have allowed Mr. Aldington's contentions to be sifted and placed in the perspective of a definitive biography, we may yet come to an assessment of what Mr. Aldington calls Lawrence's "peculiar abilities." It has been said that *The Mint* is to be published. If that is indeed so, and if it can be read in conjunction with *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, and with certain of the more remarkable of his other writings, perhaps some of the asperities of Mr. Aldington's remarkable book may yet come to be softened.

Mr. Peter Fleming, no mean traveller himself, has translated TIBETAN MARCHES (Hart-Davis. 18s.) from the original French by Dr. André Migot and, in a foreword, tells us something of the remarkable background and, indeed, the remarkable character of the author. "Like Heinrich Harrer, he became very fond of the Tibetans (whose language he both speaks and writes), and a streak of mysticism in his character enabled him to enter into the spiritual side of their life more fully, perhaps, than any Westerner has done before." Dr. Migot's career has included service in the Great War, ten years of researches into marine biology, much mountaineering in the Alps and the Pyrenees, a working practice in France whence, we are told he "bicycled to India," to continue the studies of Oriental religions which had always interested him.

The present book deals with an extraordinary journey which took Dr. Migot the greater part of 1947 and 1948, and in the course of which he explored the lands on the Chinese-Tibetan frontiers about which he had long been curious and, incidentally, undertook research into the Buddhist religion on behalf of the École Française d'Extrême-Orient. His journey began in Hanoi and ended in Peking and for much of it he was entirely alone. Only a map can give one an idea of the magnitude of these travels, although the book itself gives a picture which I think will be unforgettable, of his adventures, his disguises, his arrests and, implicitly, his courage and his driving quest for knowledge at the cost of any discomfort or danger.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN RIVER": Miss Storm Jameson, whose latest novel has been chosen as the selection of the Book-of-the-month Club in America for April; it is also the Book Society choice for January. In last week's issue of THE SPHERE, Vernon Fane wrote: "This is an exceptional novel, and I like to think that if you miss it, it won't be my fault."

Only one of the many children borne by Queen Anne was to survive infancy and he, the little Duke of Gloucester, was to die at the age of eleven. Because of his position and because of the strong and complex political feelings of the time, the little boy, even in his nursery, was a focus for intrigue and grew up to be familiar with plots or, at the very least, undercurrents, which destroyed much of the tranquillity that a child should know. In her admirable study, QUEEN ANNE'S SON (André Deutsch. 12s. 6d.), Mrs. Hester Chapman has based her story of the little, restless life on an account written by Jenkin Lewis, who was Gloucester's Welsh body-servant and loved him perhaps even more than the boy's parents who, although they were devoted, were not above using him as a pawn in the game when it suited them. This is a book that serves to light up a corner of history and to remind one of the peculiar uneasiness of some crowned heads, but, above all, it is a book which introduces one, perhaps for the first time, to an intelligent and affectionate boy who was at least lucky in that he was able to command one single-hearted span of devotion.

Mr. S. N. Behrman, playwright and writer for *The New Yorker* contributor and essayist, has written some of his earliest memories in THE WORCESTER ANTELOPE (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.), and those of us who remember his stage comedies, his glittering and astringent biography of Duveen, and the validity of his reputation as a *raconteur* may marvel at the tenderness with which he writes of his Jewish family in a New England town, the father and mother who had made "the long journey from Poland to Worcester" and survived to bring up their children in the principles of the Talmud (which included figuring their births according to the Hebrew calendar and consequently giving them "a three thousand year jump" on their contemporaries!).

Finally, a tailpiece about nonsense, with Dr. Bergen Evans' treatise on THE SPOOR OF SPOOKS (Michael Joseph. 15s.), an informed volume planned in the simple and heart-warming belief that it is possible to de-bunk Old Wives' Tales. A noble objective, in my view, and I only hope that the author will be successful in attaining it, but Old Wives being what they are, I doubt it. An amusing book and one that should shake some of our dearest misconceptions.

IN LENIN'S CABINET

Dr. Steinberg's View of the Russian Revolution

That there is living in the United States to-day a survivor of Lenin's first Cabinet comes as news to most of us. He is Dr. I. N. Steinberg, who was a leader of the Social Revolutionary Party. When that party split in the early days of the Russian Revolution, he went with the Leftists, who joined in a temporary and uneasy coalition with the Bolsheviks. At only twenty-nine years of age, Steinberg became Lenin's Commissar of Justice, but his period in office was short, and that is perhaps one reason why his life has been long. The Left Social Revolutionaries got out of Lenin's Government on the issue of the Brest-Litovsk peace, and before mid-1918 Steinberg and his associates were in open revolution. His book, IN THE WORKSHOP OF THE REVOLUTION (Victor Gollancz. 16s.), now makes a belated appearance. It is a most important book, because it emphasises the attitude of the Populist forces in revolutionary Russia who, we are told, regarded the terror as a painful, bitter necessity leading to the final goal of spiritual and moral liberation.

The Bolshevists, on the other hand, regarded terror as a system to be well and properly established, evolving along well-defined and unalterable lines. Dr. Steinberg cites the Kronstadt revolt of 1921 as the final parting of the ways. Kronstadt was the foremost stronghold of the Russian Revolution. Back in the Czarist years of mass rebellion it had played its part. Now it came out against the tyranny of Moscow, and when Moscow stamped it down with characteristic ruthlessness, says Dr. Steinberg, it stamped out what had been a basic trait in the Russian Revolution, its humanitarian and universal character. Well, that is one man's view, and the view of one who was close enough indeed to the events described. It is a conception of the Revolution long hidden from us, and Dr. Steinberg's book certainly deserves to be read, to be borne in mind, although not necessarily to be wholly believed.

John Bartlow Martin neither shocks nor surprises in his new book, BREAK DOWN THE WALLS! (Victor Gollancz. 15s.). Most of us are past shocking nowadays when it comes to an exposure of certain facets of American life, and this account of the prison system could hardly be more lurid in its devastating detail. The author starts off by describing the riot at Jackson Prison, Michigan, in 1952, when members of the disciplinary cell-block—criminals deemed too dangerous to mix with their fellow-criminals—seized possession of their building and held the guards as hostages. Soon the riot spread to the rest of the prison, and its inmates went berserk, smashing everything in sight. From his analysis of this dire outbreak, Mr. Martin proceeds to a general survey of the American prison system, with all its brutality, perversion and corruption, and finally he makes a plea for reform, if need be the elimination of prisons as we know them to-day, excepting, however, prisons for the truly dangerous cases. Not everyone will agree with the author's summing-up, but if his exposures in any way hasten reform Mr. Martin will at least have achieved his obviously deeply sincere objective. Mr. Martin is introduced to his readers as "America's 'ace' crime reporter."

Here are four books all of them important in the realm of travel and the first of them of special interest to the social historian. In EASTERN INTERLUDE (Thacker, Spink, Calcutta. 10 rupees, London agents, Luzac and Co. Price in England, 20s. approx.), Mr. R. Pearson gives a vivid picture of life in India in the heyday of the East India Company, of the elegance of the age of Wellesley, and finally of the Imperial capital, as Calcutta then was, under the staid Victorians. Apart from a corrigenda of formidable length, this is a well-produced book, and a credit to its Calcutta publishers. There are several illustrations.

In PYGMIES AND DREAM GIANTS (Gollancz. 16s.), Dr. Kilton Stewart tells the story of his search for the Negritos of the Philippine mountain jungles. This is not only an erudite examination of tribal customs and ways, but a great personal adventure story which deserves a confident recommendation.

Finally, a word in praise of those two fine annuals, THE YEAR BOOK AND GUIDE TO SOUTHERN AFRICA and THE YEAR BOOK AND GUIDE TO EAST AFRICA, which are published by Robert Hale at 9s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. respectively. Both volumes are edited by A. Gordon-Brown. For the traveller and the man of business these are indispensable guides. The maps are excellent and the information is detailed and up-to-date. The East African guide, the smaller of the two publications, deals with Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Zanzibar, Portuguese East Africa, the Sudan and Mauritius. It consists of over 400 pages. The Southern Africa volume covers over 900 pages and deals also with other territories including the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, South-West Africa and Angola. Both volumes are produced for the Union-Castle Mail Steamship Co.

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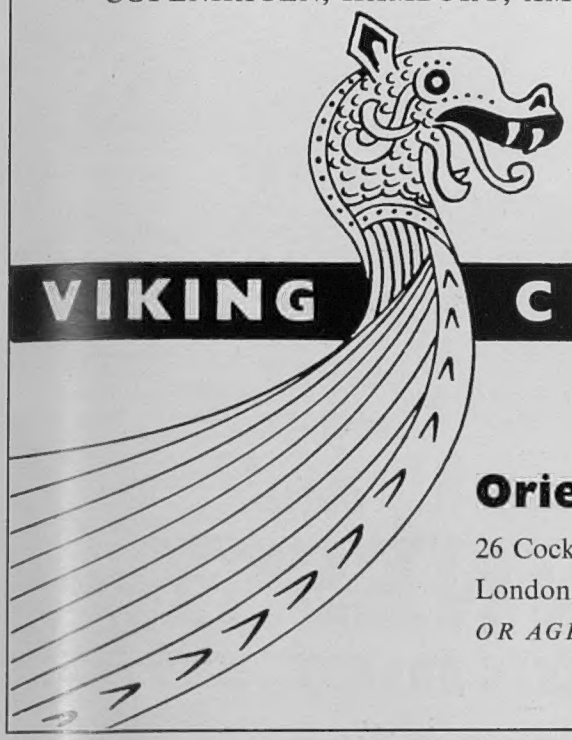

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HOLIDAY habits are changing. Last year a considerably higher percentage of the public took their holidays earlier, and how advantageous it proved. That wonderful annual spectacle of spring, fewer people on the roads, greater opportunities for more personal attention in hotels and, perhaps of greatest importance, hotel tariffs considerably below the high season rates.

Where to go? Having had a preview of hotels whose announcements appear on this page (and let it be recorded that I can, from personal experience in 1954, vouch for them all), there is plenty of scope for planning amongst these alone.

The announcement of Ardnagashel House, near Bantry, on the west coast of Ireland, reminds me that I arrived in Dublin on the morning of May 9 last, travelled 1,200 miles along the south and west coasts, and all through Connemara, and never felt a spot of rain.

A good deal derogatory has been said in the past about Irish hotels, and whilst, as in all other countries, there are the good, the bad and the indifferent, no one can err if they will follow in my ten days' car tracks of last year, and I shall be pleased to supply to anyone interested a list of hotels which I visited and at which I stayed.

Dublin is particularly well-off for good hotels, and the Gresham ranks high on my list. Bantry and Ardnagashel House deserve, I might almost say demand, more than a transitory visit. Ronald Kaulback and his wife are not only excellent Mine Hosts from the personal aspect, but are tremendously interested in good food and wine.

Primroses and purple moors will attract many people to Devon. The Grand, at Torquay, like its friendly rival, The Imperial, caters for those who afford the luxury of a suite, a menu of personal choice, and a wine that the *sommelier* is proud to serve.

Alternatively you may prefer as headquarters sun-kissed Sidmouth, and enjoy being spoilt at the Victoria, where everything is laid on for holiday enjoyment. For those who prefer an hotel without the possible distraction of cocktail bar or dance floor, I recommend the equally first-class and long-established Belgrave Hotel, which has been under the personal direction of the Fitzgerald family before some of us were born.

Perhaps you have an urge to stay in the Devon countryside. You will not err if you choose Deer Park Hotel, at Honiton, which, in its setting and set up, is one of the best-run country hotels in Britain.

A number of Cornish hotels do not open till Easter, yet, as we must know from the early spring flowers, the Cornish Riviera is no myth, and as a headquarters for exploring the Lizard, Land's End and St. Ives before the summer motor-coach season begins, you will be well cared for at The Queens, Penzance, where a number of people wisely reside all through the winter months.

For those who do not want to go far afield, I am reminded, noticing the announcement of Sandridge Park Hotel, Melksham, Wiltshire, of the historic interest and picturesque charm of Lacock, the serenity of Castle Combe, and the greenness of the Wiltshire valleys hidden amongst the rolling downs. Sandridge Park Hotel, like its neighbourhood, wears a placid air and is an admirable spot for a holiday at any time.

It is curious that one hears so little of the Channel Islands outside the normal holiday season, for, being the most southern of our group of islands, spring is an early arrival. St. Brelade's Bay Hotel, which has been in the Colley family for several generations, kept open at one time all the year round, but this year it closed for redecoration and a certain amount of reconstruction, and will reopen at Easter. An excellent choice prior to the season's rush.

Though the north shores of Jersey cannot offer such wide expanses of sand as the southern shore, some prefer the Bouley Bay and Bonne Nuit Bay areas because they are not so built-up. For such I would draw attention to the claims of The Waters Edge Hotel, at Bouley Bay, which is not only, as its name suggests, on the edge of the sea, but is almost a self-contained holiday resort in that almost all one looks for in the way of holiday comfort is at the door, or within its sound-proof walls.

For those readers who dwell in or around London, a complete change may be had by an excursion into Kent. The Beresford Hotel, Birchington-on-Sea, has every claim to its recognition as a first-class hotel. Situated in its own grounds, with a private sea promenade, it offers suites, rooms with private bathrooms, dancing, as well as a very intelligent interest in cuisine and cellar. A satisfying spot in which to entertain and be entertained.

For touring Kent as a whole, Tunbridge Wells is a good centre. It may be because I have known the countryside around since boyhood days, but I have a special regard for this district in springtime, where the Spa Hotel, facing the common, has always catered well for the motoring public. Though the façade of the Spa Hotel has altered but little since I knew it as a boy, the management have always seen to it that it has kept abreast of modern needs. Thus to-day central heating will be found in every bedroom, many of which have private bathrooms. There is a nine-hole golf course (free to residents), a billiards room, television in the lounge set apart for it, and a capacious cocktail bar.

While stressing the desirability of earlier holidays, I am not forgetful of the fact that there are many parents with children of school age who are restricted to the school holiday period, and I would remind such that it is most advisable that they book their summer holiday accommodation early. Indeed, many seaside hotels by a sandy beach are already full for the peak period, viz., the last fortnight in July to the second week in September.

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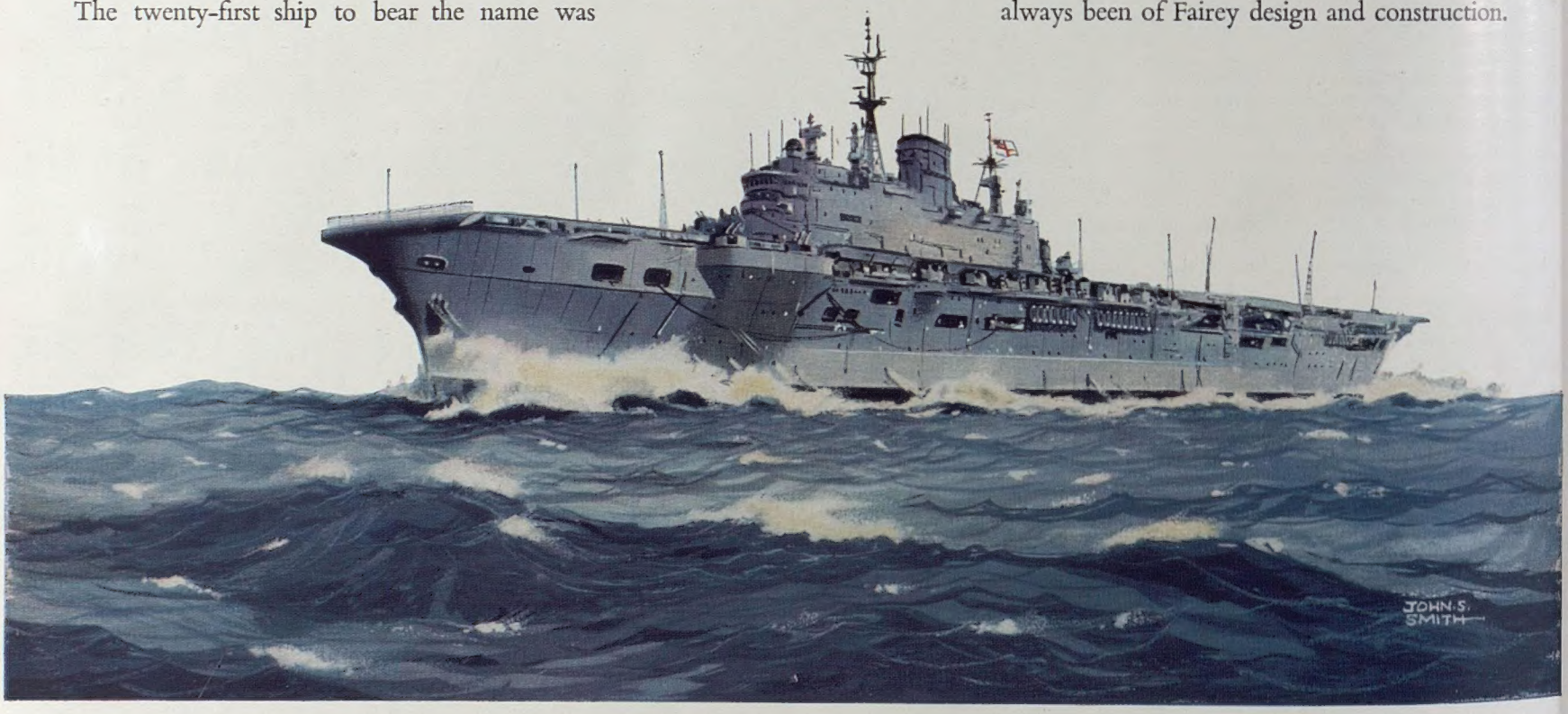

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